THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SAINTS AS SYMBOLS

REVAMPING religion is one of the special hobbies of those who are knee-deep in the modern current of reform. It is, of course, quite natural that citizens more or less professionally identified with church activities should see something ominous in the fact that, while the factory supplies everybody with new clothes and new shoes so many times a year, the institution of religion endows an increasingly dwindling number with principles and habits of belief. Can it be that there is need for a change, not merely (if one dare employ the phrase) in the organization of Christianity, but even in its basic product? Though the question bothers Catholics to some extent, it is almost the fundamental query of modern Protestantism.

The individualistic temperament is normally also a passionately missionary temperament. Nobody is so much interested in conformity as the non-conformist, because he lives and breathes through the assumed rightness of his own conclusions. There is strange significance in the fact that those who clamor loudest for liberty of opinion are those who insist that there shall be only one opinion—in the public school, in the voting state. Thus a letter addressed to the editor of the Springfield Republican, by Mr. Morrison Swift, has this to say: "May an organization set itself apart from the rest of the community, claim a peculiar sanctity and authority, and advertise this authority by a peculiar garb? Civilization is rapidly outgrowing everything of that sort except in the spheres of public service for public convenience." One might almost suppose—for Mr. Swift has many companions in his philosophy—that admiration for factory methods was carrying people to the point of believing that citizens should all be cut from the same new piece and stamped with the same bright label.

Obviously, you can make religion popular by turning it into what the unbelievers believe. Preaching is an easy job if, instead of having something to say, you merely have something to repeat. A church which adopted the platform of the cheaper magazines would very likely acquire their circulation. The only difficulty is that it would cease to be a religion—a creed that is bound to something as firm and enduring as God.

The civilization that is accredited by Mr. Swift may conceivably grow some more. It may—and if the scientific philosophy is right, it will—rise to a stature unimaginable now, and need a complete new wardrobe. But whatever its size and point of view,

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it cannot ever be the same thing as the Christian faith. The whole essence of that is the conviction that no hill will ever be taller than Calvary. The meat of its remarks to man is that he will die. A Christian mind always adheres firmly to two poles—eternal hope and unescapable doom. Its only positive assumption is that it knows a safe road between these two, its only binding claim is that traffic regulations on this highway must be obeyed. Civilization may accomplish a great many things, but when it is wise it will rest content with its ancient definition as "the temporal welfare."

Nevertheless, it is true that Christianity is constantly in need of adaptation to the circumstances in which it finds itself. The method of preaching which enthralls one generation will strike another as hopelessly dull. But the road to improvement is obviously not an alteration or adulteration of Christianity; it is a reawakening, a realignment of human nature. The point was made well and long ago by Augustin when he saw that the beginning of religious wisdom is a change of heart—an humble understanding that restlessness is dispelled only by a vision of eternal peace. It is being approached, hesitatingly no doubt, in this very time of distracted and errant faith, by all those who are looking everywhere for an exemplar of noble human character. Amidst all the inanity of the theosophists—that weird group of vastly out-of-date disciples of Neo-Platonic myth—there is the golden fact that they actually hope to find, to produce, an illustrious follower of Christ. They are looking in the wrong place but they are looking. And how many have searched with them! Fogazzaro and his more than relatively hysterical Benedetto; the Russian mystics and their expectancy of a national religious representative; the very aberrations of Adventism—all these are echoes of the abiding, bottomless hunger of humanity for the sight of a victor over human nature.

That is why the channel through which Christianity actually reaches the multitude in any age is the saint. There may be something in perfection of outward system, in the business of rallying people to the support of a popular demand in order then to gather them into the church. A divine who talks excellently about Shakespeare or the modern poets may muster a sizable audience for the appended prayer. But sooner or later the lesser things lose their hold. The universities may know more about Shakespeare, or the divine may ruin his voice. At any rate, after a generation or so of the practice it ought to be fairly clear that these various devices have not got the majority of Americans out of bed on Sunday mornings. In all such practices there is a basic feeling that Christianity can march along with civilization. It cannot, for the reason that civilization is a matter of multiplied things —like votes and electric lights—while Christianity is always a matter of one thing. It is even, in a very true sense, always a matter of one person.

Compare with all the effectiveness of changing system the influence of a man like Saint Francis. It was even said by William James, whose professional task was measuring influences, that if modern society wished to solve its social problems it would have to become Franciscan. It is being averred by a vast throng in this far-off commemoration of his death that "there has never been anyone in whom the image of Christ and the evangelical manner of life shone forth more lifelike and strikingly than in Saint Francis." But though he may be, in a certain sense, supreme among the saints, there are almost numberless compeers. Marvelous, indeed, has been the luminous example of the frail young woman whose life as a nun was ended by her glorification as Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux. Nor can one fail to be touched by the very human story of Jean Cocteau who, crowned with the honors that come with great literary success, found in the nobly ascetic Father Charles the example of life to which his soul could not but cling. And, of course, it is evident to anyone who cares to think historically that everything valuable in the fundamental culture of western Europe was, in one way or another, produced and guaranteed by the Virgin.

Thus does experience prove amply how the saint is the only possible form in which religion can truly revive. For the saint, in an august, austere and yet very human manner, is a symbol. In him is demonstrated both the practicability and the value of the Christian experiment. He is the one triumphant religious fact that everybody can see. How ridiculous by comparison is the confidence in civilization! That reposes, when one has analyzed it carefully, upon the belief that human nature does not change—that it will keep on needing food, but better food; books, but more pleasant and easily assimilated books; laborers, but more amply paid and more thoroughly educated laborers. But the saint is the proof that human nature can be altered, not artificially, but naturally and according to the laws of beauty. Men may lose their liking for the attractive images of sculpture, or the characters of ideal poetry. But when they have truly seen the saint they can never forget, because they have seen themselves.

Themselves, that is, transfigured by the fulness of Christian experience. Sometimes the human race can hide its secret dissatisfaction with itself. There are opiates for the pain that goes with living. But those of us who believe that Christianity is a cure know also that it is a regimen and not a drug. When someone attempts to modify or weaken it, the healing effect is gone. The apostles of modern reform may have their way for awhile, but when they have done speaking and the world has tired listening, majestic voices old and new will still ring out from the charitable temples or the contemplative hills. In them will be heard the notes of comfort and victory. For they shall be the voices of successful saints.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

ASSASSINATION is the most futile, as it is the most fearful, of all political weapons. It never settles anything. Its net result is always to strengthen the hands of reaction and to cast discredit upon any cause, however meritorious and innocent, with which the skill of the menaced power can associate it. But our congratulations to the Duce at having escaped the bomb thrown at his car recently, do not reconcile us to the unfortunate tone of the remarks uttered in the heat of escape. The boast that "as I have abolished strikes, so I shall abolish this sort of thing by the restoration of capital punishment," reeks of a megalomania that we have grown unused to associating with political sanity. And the implication of France is as unfortunate as, we are sure, it is undeserved. A telegram from the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, representing the French government as only too anxious that the bars against Italian immigration should be raised on the hither side, and a check put to the wholesale influx of Italian nationals which is causing the civil powers grave concern, is the obvious answer to Mussolini's ill-considered words. Insisting that circumambient nations shall keep their frontiers open to Italy's overflowing population, and at the same time laying upon them the task of watching over the political sentiments of the expatriated, is a pretty tall order.

FROM no country, indeed, does the charge of indulgence to political refugees come with such a bad grace and so little logic as from Italy. It was largely owing to the harborage given them by foreign powers, notably France and England, during the stormy period of the risorgimento that United Italy became a reality. The protests raised from time to time by a de facto power which happened to be Bourbon, Catholic and unpopular, were treated with a contempt that amounted to complicity, and it is still a very open question whether Garibaldi's final landing in the Romagna was not covered by a British cruiser. Those anxious for full information on the subject may be referred to a monograph by the Chevalier Clery on the subject, published some twenty years ago. Anyhow, it is unlikely that a speech uttered under trying circumstances and coming from a quarter where urbanity and dignity are no longer expected, is going to give rise to anything approaching a diplomatic incident. A pragmatic world that is prepared to hand in its adhesion to power, however attained, and from which respect for the liberal principle of government is seeping away year by year, is not a world that deserves ceremonious treatment, or is likely to get it. It is an interesting study in human complaisance to remember the comments uttered upon Mussolini when Fascism was still a political theory struggling for life, and to compare it with the rich respect that invests each reference to the Duce today, even in America.

THAT spoiled child of industry, the manufacturer of trade-marked goods, for whose benefit slogans split the welkin, billboards hide the scenery, and aeroplanes scribble smoke across the sky, is still complaining that the deal he gets leaves something to be desired. His latest wail concerns the practice of chain and department stores who buy in colossal quantities and believe that, having purchased at his price, they are free to sell at their own. Some comprehensive system of price-fixing that will save the consumer from all temptation of benefiting his own domestic budget at the expense of the manufacturer's, which, being far more elaborate and costly, naturally has a prior claim to protection, is what is asked with no uncertain voice. "The manufacturer of trade-marked, advertised goods, claims the merchant also buys his name and good will, a market and waiting customers," says Senator Capper, who is sponsoring the producer's hard case. "For these reasons, the manufacturers demand the right of price control."

WITHOUT being impertinent, one may be permitted to ask exactly what the general public, in other words that poor "boob," the ultimate consumer, is going to get out of the deal when producer and distributor have settled their differences. At present, we believe that what he gets in nine cases out of ten, is exactly what his grandfather got out of some anonymous sack, barrel, container, canister, or bolt of cloth, with the additional satisfaction of paying away a considerable proportion of his earnings because it "builds bulkier babies," because "she adores the aroma," or

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because "Milady," over acres of wood and wall, smiles her satisfaction at the silken sleaziness of her feet and ankles. Some day a public that has been thoroughly debunked may awake to the fact that the "service" so lavishly advertised is simply the working of a law of supply and demand which has always been going on, and would go on in any case, and that the gold which nimble brains spin out of their whimsies, is gold sweated from its own hard-gained pay-roll.

LEOPARDS do not change their spots. It is a zoölogical fact that cobras (also a hooded order) hiss and strike even after their fangs and poison sacks have been extirpated. Only a few days ago the Klan, in noticeably diminished ranks, with the white masks lifted from honest Nordic faces, and red skull-caps on Nordic skulls, paraded the streets of the nation's capital between rows of admiring citizenry, upon the surface of whose merchandising their arrival had created an appreciable ripple. A timely interest therefore, is lent to the most recent escapade of the hooded order in Princess Anne County, Virginia. We select the text of the New York World, an organ not noted for any marked complaisance to Catholics or Catholicism, for a brief précis of the incident. "In Princess Anne County, Virginia, twenty-eight men, robed and masked, seized the Reverend Vincent D. Warren, pastor of a Catholic church, while a Negro boys' band in which he was interested was giving a concert. The facts are not in dispute. Father Warren was taken away in an automobile, questioned at length, and finally left, without physical harm, on a lonely road through the swamp-lands about Princess Anne Court-House."

FACED with this flagrant and futile outrage upon a man of culture and character, the attitude of both county and state officials has been so incredibly lax and disingenuous that it is hard to see how anything except an immediate recall of both can satisfy the offended sentiment of a community which feels that a stain rests upon the reputation of one of the most chivalrous and most honorably known states in the union. The county sheriff (unnamed), asked for some explanation of his inertness, bluntly replied, "that's my business." Governor Byrd, as befits the bearer of an honored and historic name, is more courteous, but less courageous. Through the columns of the Winchester Star, of which he is proprietor, he excuses his spinelessness by pleading a meticulous regard "for the principles of home rule." The one bright spot in the discreditable chapter of bigotry and cowardice is the chorus of condemnation that has come from the reputable southern press and public. The Baltimore Sun declares that the story of the kidnapping is "enough to make the blood of any decent man boil." The Virginian Pilot, nearer home, after recounting a series of outrages of which Father Warren's kidnapping is only the last, believes that "more than local effort . . . is needed to clear up the stains which Virginians have recently been smearing on the reputation of the state." Among the proffers of sympathy and help that have come to Father Warren, inside and outside of Virginia, are several from Protestant pastors, owning that they are "shocked and sickened." On the eve of a celebration which seemed designed to prove that its activities are daylight ones, the Klan stands convicted anew of being the darkest blot that America's civilization has had to endure since Brigham Young set up his crinolined zenana in the Utah mountains eighty odd years ago.

IT probably would be sad news for any of the white-robed Klansmen who marched through the city of Washington last week, if they had learned that the Father of His Country became involved in a Jesuit plot as a boy, and willingly promoted it. But such, indeed, would seem to be the case. The plot in question originated in France, spread through Spain, Bohemia, and Germany to England, and thence to the American colonies, where George Washington became either its ringleader, or else the dupe of some terrible Jesuit. As this revelation, however, has not yet been published (so far as we know) in the Fellowship Forum, or any other of the various organs of bigotry that are the favorite reading of Klansmen, but has been merely dealt with in the introductory essay written by Mr. Charles Moore, head of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress, for George Washington's Rules of Civility, recently published by Houghton Mifflin Company, it is hardly likely that the matter has as yet reached the inner councils of the Klan. For we know of no evidence which would seem to prove that Klansmen ever read any books above the level of such productions as Maria Monk—and still less that they are addicted to rules of civility, even those composed by the first President.

AMONG the hundreds of volumes of Washington manuscripts in the Library of Congress, two contain the school exercises of George Washington, written before he had reached the age of sixteen. One is devoted to mathematics, and part of the second is occupied by 110 "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation." Washington's biographers have recorded these maxims as formative influences in the development of his character. As Mr. Moore tells us, during the days before mere hero-worship had given place to a better-grounded understanding of the firmness and high quality of Washington's character, it was assumed that he himself composed the maxims. "It is a satisfaction to find that his consideration for others," says Mr. Moore, "his respect for and deference to those deserving such treatment, his care of his own body and tongue, and even his reverence for his Maker, were all early inculcated in him by precepts which were the common

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practice in decent society the world over." As a matter of fact, Mr. Moore's researches prove that these maxims were composed originally and published in France by a Jesuit priest, about the year 1595. They were quickly translated into Latin, Bohemian, German, Spanish, and even into English. A copy of the English translation, made by Francis Hawkins, himself a Jesuit, was the one from which George Washington, as a boy, copied the maxims upon which he acted so consistently throughout his life. It was, indeed, a Jesuit plot of the usual kind—namely, an effort to influence the mind of the world toward courtesy, kindliness, culture—a subdivision of the plot which began with Ignatius Loyola, and is still ramifying throughout the world. We present this evidence of George Washington's involvement in this particular conspiracy, with our compliments, to the Klansmen.

A CORPORATE and communal reluctance of possible witnesses to divulge the nature of their activities after sundown, continues to be the feature of the grotesque Hall murder case. When one realizes that the whole affair, after being featured, commented on, and unofficially tried on the front page of our big eastern dailies for four weeks, is still far from the shape in which it can be taken before a jury of plain citizens, and that some fresh theory, opening out an entirely new line of attack and defense is delivered as regularly as morning milk, a sort of vertigo seizes upon the imagination that is following its developments—a sense of beng involved in some legal nightmare from which the only possible awakening will be its sudden dropping. But the case does something more than throw a spotlight upon the away-from-home-life after dark of the New Brunswick burgesses. As we read, we rub our eyes at seeing methods that smack of the Inquisition (as popularly conceived) or the infamous Chambre Ardente, resorted to by the authorities with a complete absence of any sense that civil liberties are being set at nought.

PERHAPS the most amazing incident is the holding without warrant and "grilling" of two witnesses, a man and a young girl, for twelve and a half consecutive hours, by detectives in relays. Every effort, we are told (and can well believe) was used to prevent this sinister proceeding from coming to the ears of the reporters on the case, and "long periods of silence" punctuated the grilling. "Sometimes, by questioning persons two or three days, they finally break down and tell what they know," was the casual official explanation. The experience of the world, and one largely upon which such procedure was abolished, has been that after hours of torture (physical or moral does not matter a whit) "persons" either say anything they think is wanted of them to end the ordeal, or go to pieces and no longer know what they are saying. Were we a juryman on any criminal case (which the gods avert!) we should begin by dismissing from our consciousness any evidence whatsoever obtained after twelve hours' questioning by detectives "in relays."

PHILOSOPHY, bacteriology, and anthropology are at present being given "popular" treatment in manuals which compete upon the publishers' lists with best-selling fiction. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the amazing story of early Catholic effort in the western half of the United States will be given the world in some colorful manual worthy of its intense human interest. A tablet, given by the Anaconda Copper Company, and unveiled in Helena, Montana, at Saint Mary's Mission, which was founded in 1840 by the heroic Jesuit, Father J. de Smet, is a reminder of how coeval with our pioneering history has been the ministry of the Church. Probably Mass was first said in Montana, a hundred years earlier, by one of the priests who accompanied the expedition sent from Montreal in 1740 by the French, those indefatigable ones who sowed that others might reap. But to Father de Smet and his companion, Father Ravalli, the history of Catholicism in Montana as we know it, owes its start. Some months ago, The Commonweal, in commenting upon the saintly Mother Amadeus, recalled the veneration in which she was held by the Indians of the Blackfeet nation for her tireless advocacy of their cause in war and peace. This Christian charity was only a continuance by a great-hearted woman of a policy that had already been firmly established by the earlier missionaries, who knew no distinction of color or race in their ministry. It is interesting that one of the most striking features of the dedication exercises, held under the auspices of the Helena Diocesan Council of Catholic Women, was an ancient war-chant, intoned by the descendants of the braves of Little Big Horn, to which Christian words and sentiments had been set.

THE American Library Association, which dates from 1876, will hold its fiftieth anniversary celebration at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in October, 1926. But the library movement in the United States is really much older: two signers of the Declaration of Independence are forever linked with its incipiency, Benjamin Franklin having founded the first circulating library in America, while Stephen Hopkins, the Rhode Island signer, was the first to establish a free library. Jefferson also longed for a federal library—and while in Europe, he collected from the aftermath of the French Revolution all the data possible relative to early American voyageurs and settlements. When, however, the British burned Washington, D. C., in 1812, these valuable papers, pamphlets, and books were destroyed. Then it happily occurred to the Sage of Monticello to replace their loss by substituting his own valuable library for this purpose. The government bought Jefferson's private collection of books for

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$16,500; and though this was a paltry sum, yet it relieved from poverty the author of the Declaration of Independence in his declining years, and enabled him to dwell at Monticello for the rest of his life. From this most valuable nucleus grew the Congressional Library—which originally was intended primarily for the benefit of Congress, but has since far outgrown such boundaries. The material which Jefferson collected while abroad, came from France, for Spain guarded her resources as data for the Vatican. The wonderful maps and geologic surveys of the early explorers, who were mostly Jesuits, have never been surpassed by any modern engineering.

THE familiarity of the public with the free libraries that have come to the United States through the patronage of Andrew Carnegie, need not be stressed here, but it is worth while saying that the annual expenditure for library maintenance in this country amounts to $37,000,000, and that the vast propagation of knowledge through these channels would not be possible even then, were it not for the coöperation of various departments of commerce that lessen the cost of production. This is true of the book-trade, the publishers' business, the paper, pulp, and straw industries, and the leather manufacturies. Chemistry, for instance, has lightened the industry, making wood-pulp rank with rags and straw in the manufacture of paper. In fact, all the world aids in the propagation of knowledge through the medium of the printed page. There was a time when a library meant a place for only literary people and scholars, but now it is the workingman's laboratory—the recreational delight of the tired laborer as well as the small child—and the stimulus for the ambitious and eager immigrant.

OFFICIAL and Catholic France has just been observing the hundredth anniversary of the death of René Théophile Hyacinthe Laënnec, one of the greatest doctors of medicine who ever lived, and more or less the founder of modern diagnosis. In an early issue, at the time the centenary of his election to the Chair of Clinical Medicine at the Collège de France was commemorated, The Commonweal sought to give some appreciation of the life of this wonderful man whose religious faith was as simple as his devotion to science was whole-hearted. A few details, however, in an article by Robert Cornilleau, in La Vie Catholique, deserve a passing word, if only because they add immeasurably to the lesson which his life offers to a world in which, too often, the only faith left is faith in material science.

LAËNNEC, M. Cornilleau reminds us, grew to manhood in an absolutely pagan world. His childhood was passed in days when religion was banished from France; his first appointment was as surgeon to an army whose campaign was waged quite as much against religion as against royalism. His return to religious practices took place when he was twenty-two, at the very age when the horizons of science—the vision of "the knowable"—turn so many unstable souls to disbelief and spiritual vertigo, and from that day until his untimely death, his life passed in a rhythm of prayer, study, and charity. The strange theory which holds that an increasing familiarity with the obscure forces which govern life induces, as its inevitable corollary, a waning belief in the Power which set them in motion, has never been able to reconcile the enigma of such men as Laënnec or Pasteur. Their lives are not the final answer—which lies deeper far. But they are an answer which the worldly, unless victims of what a great mystic has termed "the terrible need to do without God," best understand and appreciate.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, who, as the New York World reminds us, is the author of many books which have appeared, and of at least another one which has not yet been published, declares that there are far too many books. The World, in agreeing with Sir Gilbert, suggests that the English author throw his own manuscript in the waste-basket as an example to other writers. We heartily concur with the World. Strenuously opposed as a journal of our affiliations needs must be to birth control, we are strongly in favor of book control on the part of all authors save a very few—the names of whom both prudence and modesty restrain us from printing.

PATIENCE AT THE FIRESIDE

"THE fourth step of humility is reached," says the rule of Saint Benedict, "when anyone, . . . patiently and with a quiet mind, bears all that is inflicted on him, things contrary to nature, and even at times unjust, and in suffering all these he neither wearies nor gives over the work." Recent statistics, overwhelming in their impact, lead one to believe that this is an excellent maxim, not only for Benedictines, but also for benedicts. After all, the best monastic foundations are those which frankly strove to reproduce the atmosphere of the home, though on a loftier level—Monte Cassino being, not merely closer to the heavens in a physical sense, but nearer also to God. Obviously, they have reckoned with human nature quite as cautiously as a marriageable young woman should; and they got round the problem primarily by insisting that the monastic life was to be considered a permanent affair. There was established, of course, a period of preliminary acquaintance, just as courtship wisely antedates the matrimonial tie. But the great organizing monks knew perfectly well that unless a man binds himself to the sacred enterprise, he is likely to leap up and run off at the first clear sign that all in his daily routine is not "sweetness and light."

One must not carry the parallel too far. But there

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is pertinence enough in it to show that the Church, or any other institution which takes a steady look at human nature, cannot avoid the sensible conclusion that when a man and woman settle down together by the fireside they must vow to continue in that way for some time. The steady increase of divorce—and also the steady increase of talk about divorce—is a tremendous demonstration of the fallacy involved in believing that the marriage door ought to be left open. Perhaps no where else in modern life is the error of that romanticism which believed mankind could keep on playing soft music without ever striking a wrong note so abundantly illustrated as in family life. The whole enterprise is surrounded nowadays with a ridiculous suspicion. People are forever wondering if madame and her husband are happy together—wondering, indeed, if they could possibly be happy together. The climax of the thing, however, is the constantly enforced wonder if madame and her husband are together at all. Older novels used to assume that "they lived happily afterward"; the newer ones assert that they do not. The one are the logical consequences of the other, because the emphasis was placed on the wrong adjective to begin with. The conclusion should have been, "they lived together afterward." For marriage is a form, while happiness is only a quality.

Without venturing into speculative aspects of the matter, one may say that the most striking thing about all contemporary writing in favor of easy divorce is the utter absence of any mention of humility. We should imagine that everybody with any experience of matrimony would realize the essential necessity for a resolve to sit in the second best chair. Love is not slavery, but it certainly ought to be servitude in the sense exemplified by the Master of all affection when He lowered Himself beneath the souls He saved. And yet the whole plea for divorce is a series of variations on the theme of "happiness" and the "right to live one's own life." These are charming subjects in themselves, but they are hardly indentical with marriage. Here is an institution which is also a sacrament because it is the clearest reflection of the deepest universal mystery. Those who succeed in it are such as contemplate this mystery, not themselves. It may be that wedded life would be considerably more pleasant, even for religious people, if those who engage upon it were properly trained, not only in housewifery and courteousness—though both are eminently helpful—but also in the first principles of the enterprise. To see that matrimony is the subtlest illustration of universal law is to discern that it can never be altogether a matter of individual whim. Divorce, after all, is not so much a confession of failure as the demonstration of a mistake. It reposes less on the violation of a rule than upon the utter absence of a rule. Those who believe in it rapturously might well learn from Saint Benedict the true meaning of "peace."

THE CAMPUS BLOOMS AGAIN

NOBODY is sure how many new steps will tramp away on the old collegiate paths this fall. But there is no falling off from former numerical glories, and possibly now and then a definite increase will gladden the hearts of registrars. All in all, the public addiction to educational influences seems about as permanent as any aspect of our democracy. Behind the façade, too, there is a genuine interest in improvement—in making the "system" more serviceable, more alert, more closely identified with intellectual responsibilities.

Criticism, it is true, has said a good many unwise and irritating things, but it has shocked a considerable number of temperamentally sleepy people into action. At the present time, there are so many suggestions for reform, so varied an array of theories, that it is quite impossible for anybody excepting a specialist in the matter to read and weigh much of what is being said and written. Certain principles, however, have been rather generally agreed upon; and the attitude of college men themselves has centered round a few major problems which their experience tells them are important. Obviously, it is toward these, and not toward the complexity of practice presented by the specialist, that the attention of the immediate educational future will be directed.

To ask questions like, "What is the nature of man?" and "How can education succeed in developing that nature to best advantage?" may seem to imply returning to the heated theoretical debates of the early middle-ages. But they are, after all, the most important questions; and today we are in a better position to answer them than the people of generations ago were.

We do not agree on the responses, but those who hold one view are as free to act upon their convictions as are those who hold an opposing view. The development of Catholic higher education in the United States is therefore potentially unlimited. A religious teacher may rightly be alarmed at certain forms of essential doctrine expounded elsewhere, but he has at least the joy of realizing that nobody will stop him from doing his best and that the future will surely adjudge the result. But for him, as for everybody, the problem of method is vast and perplexing. It is drawing his attention, just as the major difficulties of education are of concern to everyone. For its part The Commonweal, continuing its interest in the work of the college, hopes to print in the near future a number of articles by prominent authorities on topics of the first importance. Though some of these papers will consider education broadly as an American institution, others will express the views of experienced religious teachers. Incidentally, a forum is afforded for all those, whether inside the college or out of it, who have ideas on this very engrossing subject.

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THE GAP IN KENTUCKY HISTORY

By WILLIAM L. REENAN

NO historian will ever determine to any degree of exactness the influence of the New England tradition on American history. To the dispassionate reviewers it must seem that all the accidentals of time and place and circumstance combined to foster in a colony, already spiritually righteous, the confidence of a "chosen people."

What the first New Englanders fathered, the succeeding generations nurtured. No New England deed was too small not to have its chronicler. No New England name was too mean not to have its social historian and family genealogist.

The history of no other section of America parallels it. There is a literature, often interesting and of intrinsic value, of other colonies and their successes and failures, but it is desultory and rarely of more than local influence.

Compared to the Pilgrim and to the Puritan, those who came to the new world in the Ark and in the Dove are a people without a history. Certainly, their names and their deeds have been poorly recorded and more poorly exploited.

Tradition herself vacillates to account for that migration of English and Irish Catholics, in the decade following Yorktown, from the parent colony in Maryland to the Kentucky district. Various theories have been offered to explain it, but the two weightiest were probably the very modern spirit of unrest which permeated the colonies at the close of the Revolution and the salesmanship of land-wealthy patriots who had hammered their swords, not into plowshares, but into realtors' pens.

Tradition is equally hazy regarding the beginnings of that movement. There is a story, not proven, of a document drawn up and signed by those who agreed to join the new colony; of a petition to the then prefect apostolic, and later bishop of Baltimore, for a priest to accompany the party or follow it immediately.

Over a period of less than twenty years they came, and, on some of the poorest land in all Kentucky, established themselves in a number of small settlements in the vicinity of Bardstown. Why, the land once seen, they remained, has yet to be answered. A desire to live among kinsmen and friends, and close to the spiritual comfort of the promised pastor, must have influenced them, but lack of funds was probably the strongest deterrent to further venturing.

They settled and increased if they did not prosper to great wealth, but history has passed them by with a scant paragraph. This is strange, for men and women of character and of some education and culture they must have been. Unless one goes back to the Europe of the age of faith, the pages of history present nothing to equal the work done for and by the Church in the narrow field surrounding Bardstown in Kentucky.

The movement of these Maryland Catholics to Kentucky cannot have begun much earlier than 1785. Bishop Carroll was consecrated in 1790. Father Badin, America's proto-priest, began his labors in the state in 1793, and Father Nerinckx joined him in 1805. In the same year, the Trappists made their first settlement and opened the first Catholic school in Kentucky. In 1806, the Dominicans built their church and novitiate.

Rome does not create new sees without good cause, yet before the end of 1808 Pius VII had signed the bull creating the diocese of Bardstown, and in 1810 Flaget was consecrated the first bishop. The year 1812 saw the foundations of Loretto and Nazareth. Saint Joseph's College was opened in Bardstown in 1819, and Saint Mary's College in Marion county in 1821. The Sisters of Saint Dominic made their appearance in 1822, and the Jesuits in 1833.

At a date possibly beyond the activity of this period but valuable for the additional proof of something of worth in these Catholic Kentuckians, the Trappists returned, erected the proto-abbey of the new world, and gave to the state the distinction of seeing the abbatial blessing administered for the first time in the land Columbus had discovered.

Such activity on the part of the Church, and in so narrow a field and over so short a period, could not have been possible if the material was not there with which to work. Those first priests were of an alien stock but in time they were replaced by a native clergy, and the enrolment of the religious houses was made up almost entirely of the sons and daughters of Kentuckians.

No other part of America can produce a similar record, and yet of the men and women who made it possible we know almost as little as we do of the mound builders who preceded them.

Spalding, Maes, Howlett, O'Daniel, Fox, and the historians of the religious communities have recounted the spiritual labors but Webb alone has touched upon the temporal.

No historian of the new school has as yet searched the records to find the part these transplanted Marylanders played in the building of Kentucky and in the winning of the land to the north, south, and west.

Those were days of interest and of import in Kentucky and throughout the young republic. What was the part of these Catholics in them? What was their share in the continual warfare which went on with the Indians and the British? How many of them fell

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beside the Wabash? How many were with Wayne? How many died at Raisin River?

What was their part in the founding of the commonwealth? Where were their sympathies in the Spanish conspiracy and the demand for an open river to the mouth of the Mississippi? Were they swept away with the enthusiasm with which Kentucky at first greeted Citizen Genêt? Or did their religious sympathies and the influence of those first pastors leave them cold to this representative of the French Revolution? Did the indictment of Burr at Frankfort afford them conversation at marriages, and christenings, and burials? How many of them, in 1812, marched north to Canada, or stood with Jackson at New Orleans?

No historian has followed them in the parts they must have played in the dramas of those years. Only Webb has touched upon these things, and in a gossipy, reminiscent vein which is tantalizing but unsatisfying.

No social historian or family genealogist has followed the offshoots of the parent settlements to Ohio, to Indiana, to Missouri, to far-off Louisiana.

Buried in old letters, in dusty legal documents, on time-weathered gravestones, and in the files of the Advocate and the Catholic Telegraph must remain the source material of many an interesting side-light on this neglected field.

A few years ago, it was still possible to talk to the grandchildren of those who had come out of Maryland at the end of the eighteenth century. Year by year the number grows less. Soon it will be too late.

The field, geographically, is small, the country as beautiful as any within the states, and the people most hospitable and charming. There remains but to interest the historian.

The New Englander should not be criticized if a nation has accepted his tradition and built a history and a culture upon it. The moral lies for all to read.

ITALIAN CATHOLIC LITERATURE

By ARRIGO LEVASTI

LOGICALLY, one would expect that Italy, being the centre of Catholicism, would furnish the best and most numerous Catholic writers of all Europe. Today, at least, this is far from being the case. Sincerity compels us to admit that our contemporary Catholic literature is terribly poor.

A few years ago, it is true, on the morrow of the great war, there was a gleam of hope. Suffering and fear of death, disgust for a life immersed in the pleasures of the senses, disillusionment over the bankruptcy to which positivist and ultra-idealist philosophies had arrived, were driving the youth of our country to seek in religion an atmosphere which should purify and strengthen their own mental lungs. The churches again were packed, religious values were once more predominant, the importance of dogma was treated almost as a rediscovery. A new religious consciousness seemed to be in the air, and literature felt its repercussion. It was not so much writers who prepared the movement, as the masses which acted upon the writers.

Italian literature, with certain exceptions, has never been profoundly interior or religious. On the eve of the great war, it so happened that the influences dominant in our literature were the veteran Carducci, with his pagan velléities; D'Annunzio, more frankly pagan still; Pascoli, a mind subtly Christian, but without any well-defined religious sense; and Verga, not affected by the Christian spirit in any way at all. There was a poet, Giulio Salvadori, truly Christian, and whose muse was the fruit of an intimately religious life. But few read him, and scarcely a critic took serious notice of him. Still more neglected was Giuseppe Manni, a religious poet at times over-nostalgic and over-elegiac, but certainly superior to the poetasters and weavers of rhymes whom the reviewers rivaled one another in praising to the skies, and whose poems were upon the lips of children in our public schools.

During the war, which only too thoroughly determined the popular vogue of the novelist, almost invariably pornographic, Guido da Verona seems to have felt the need of a return to a literature which, no longer holding up the banner of art for art's sake, should seek its source in pure beauty. Clear horizons were the demand; a voice into which something of angelic strain should enter; counsels whose life should be, not for fleeting time, but for eternity. This need seemed to be more urgent than ever in the period following the war, when the vilest human passions appeared to have set themselves the task of conquering the world. A return of conscience set in, not on any very great scale perhaps, but very poignant, and certain writers showed its reaction upon their work.

In the period, 1920 to 1921, appeared, I Due Imperi Mancati, by Palazzeschi; L'Ora di Barabba, by Giuliotti; and Papini's Life of Christ. All three writers set themselves squarely against the current. From all three came positive cries of anguish, invocations to purity, assaults upon the bestiality of fallen humanity. The works of the flesh were condemned, a loftier good was propounded—in God alone was peace to be found. The discovery of the worth of religion seemed to reach Palazzeschi through the function and liturgy of the Church. To Giuliotti, voicing more covertly the scathing contempt of a Leon Bloy, Catholicism presented itself as an apocalyptic vision. Papini set himself, as though in some frenzy, to study the figure of

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Christ. He fell in love with what he found, grew lyrical, called upon Him as his own Saviour and the Saviour of the world.

To many, it appeared as though a new flame had been enkindled in Italy, and as though a positive renewal of our literature was taking place under our eyes. Nothing justified this hope so much as the welcome accorded by the public to the Life of Christ. In a very brief time, its sales rose from 40,000 to 60,000 copies, and in our own time have attained a total of 100,000 copies. A portentous success indeed, when it is remembered that in Italy the average sale of a good book is two or three thousand copies, and rarely reaches 5,000.

Small wonder that at such a moment many of us believed a neo-Catholic literature was on the point of being born. Here and there, in journals and literary reviews, one caught a hint of sympathy. The support was timid, expressed in brief phrases—the consensus of approval vague. But a new interest in Catholicism was abroad, an admission that a Catholic literature was possible, a growing attention to Catholic books in foreign countries. Paolieri, a Florentine journalist and writer, declared himself a Catholic—Emilio Cecchi, an artist of the finest discrimination and one of our best writers for the press, wrote articles that were all but Catholic—Mario Missiroli, then editor of the Resto del Carlino, of Bologna, and later of The Secolo, of Milan, emphasized the value of Papini's book and upheld the consistency of the Vatican in its regard. Gallerati Scotti wrote a life of Fogazzaro; Silvio D'Amico, the theatrical critic of the Idea Nazionale of Rome, made no secret of his own Catholic convictions; the Catholic note was evident in the work of Marino Moretti. At Milan, the University of the Sacred Heart was founded, largely through the efforts of Padre Gemelli, a doctor of medicine and convert from socialism. It was dedicated to Catholic ends, and was to be a centre of Italian Catholicism—a focus of light and heat throughout the peninsula.

Observing all these things, Catholics hoped and believed. But the movement that lay at the bottom of their hearts never took final form. No new books of fundamental value enriched literature. No new Catholic authors of the first order appeared. Little by little, fervor seemed to die down and energy to weaken. The religious pages of Palazzeschi contain the record of this moment of disillusionment. They remain as the condemnation of war uttered by a delicate and poetic spirit. Every now and then, some brief poem or essay of Domenico Giuliotti appears in the reviews, or written as a preface to some reprint of a religious author. But in them we find little save repetitions, more or less, of the author's two or three conceptions of life—rebellion against the society of the day, apocalyptic imprecations already familiar from the Ora di Barabba.

In 1923, he became, with Papini, joint author of a book, L'Omo Salvatico, which threatened to compromise both men. In this book, what might be called Bloyism is carried to excess. First values of life, friendship for instance, are roughly denied. The invective lacks charity, protest is destructive merely. It is a book, in short, of pure demolition. Its reception from the public was very bad indeed. Giuliotti's Christianity and the authenticity of Papini's conversion were questioned.

A later book by Giuliotti, Tizzi e Fiamme, published last year, was also a disappointment. It is true that in it there are many fine pages, many winged phrases. But the apocalyptic view is again overstressed, the verbiage is too violent, and sympathy conspicuous by its absence. The world it paints is a narrow one, and although the soul of an authentic poet exists in Giuliotti, he seems unable either to turn his own face toward the infinite, or to lose himself in the abyss of divine love. His style is strong, but too often clouded by rhetoric; his sky is of lead, his atmosphere heavy and lowering. He gives the impression of one who waits upon a dies irae, and meantime can find pleasure nowhere save in the vision of an exterminating Deity and an exterminated world. Reading him, we ask ourselves: Has this man ever penetrated into the recesses of any human soul? Has he ever had a tragic perception of certain cases of conscience, of certain psychological conformations? Has he ever even descended into the depths of his own soul, seeking to understand the demon and angel who exist in him, as in all men? One is forced to conclude that he knows little or nothing of life as it exists, and through sheer lack of sympathy, finds himself condemned to act the inflexible judge, seeing, wherever his eye may happen to fall, only so much human detritus ripe for the torch.

Since his Life of Christ, and his unfortunate collaboration in L'Omo Salvatico (a dictionary planned for eight volumes, which stopped at the first letters, a and b) nothing came from Papini save a few sympathetic prefaces to the Fioretti of Saint Francis, and the Laudi of Jacopone da Todi. This year he decided to break his silence. He published a volume of verse, Pane e Vino, to which was appended a Soliloquy upon Poetry. There are many very charming things in the book, but it cannot be called intrinsically religious. The religious poems it contains are, indeed, the least successful, and hence have attracted the least attention. Papini declares himself the natural man—the "uomo bestiale," and calls upon Christ and the Virgin to aid him and purify him. But the thing had already been done more forcefully in the famous prayer with which the Life of Christ closed. His invocations are full of manly sorrow, but full of a sort of bizarrerie as well. We catch the grinding of teeth, rather than the sighs of one who prays to be delivered from earthly things. Indeed, were it not well known that Papini is a convert, who goes to Mass and receives the Sacra-

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ments, one might doubt that these were the poems of a religious man at all. It is impossible not to compare the verse of Claudel, to mention only one contemporary poet, and to recognize the very different spirit that presides over the work of the two men.

What else does our Catholic literature offer at the present moment? Little or nothing. We have no review to be compared with those which the German, French, English, and American Catholics possess. The few that exist are either organs of religious communities, or influenced by them. Turning over the pages of these journals, it is hard not to feel a sensible chill. The tone is narrow and typically bourgeois, or, worst of all, lifeless. In every subject handled, poverty of imagination is only too evident. There are stories for young girls or seminarists; verse that is either the dregs of Arcadia, or a strange mixture of Carducci, Pascoli, and D'Annunzio applied to religion; essays which seem to have taken for their inspiration the Sunday sermon or the rhetoric of a hundred years ago, the bleating of sheep, and the sentimentalities of the convent girl. What is lacking above all, is a virile review—a review for men who believe in the inseparability of art and religion, and in the manifestation of religion through art. In other words, we need a live Catholic review, written by men and women who are, at the same time, authentic artists and authentic Christians. Perhaps this is an impossible ideal. Possibly we have not enough Catholic writers, and the reason such a review does not exist may be that it would perish through sheer lack of collaborators.

This is a disheartening conclusion. I do not conceal it, because I am convinced that to do so would aggravate the evil. It is possible that what we lack today we may possess tomorrow. Before we can be formed and organized, a solid and profound culture is necessary. Our Catholic erudition is defective. Even today, writers, philosophers, and artists abound among us who have little or no acquaintance with Christianity or Catholicism. Who, today, reads the Fathers of the Church? Who reads the sacred authors? The prime necessity is the religious instruction of our people.

For this function, the Catholic University of Milan seems the body clearly indicated, not to mention the various collections of religious texts which have been initiated and which promise great developments. The Catholic University, up to now, has given only scanty results. The books published by it, striking as is their outward appearance, offer little that is at all distinguished. The inward flame which is to enkindle faith is still to be sought.

Among the various collections of sacred texts, however, we have the Libri della Fede, edited by Giovanni Papini, which have met with much popular favor. Twenty-six volumes have already appeared, some of them of immense importance for Italy. We have Angela da Foligno, Saint Antonino, Jacopone da Todi, the Blessed Colombini, Santa Francesca Romana, Saint Augustine, Giovanni da Rivalto, etc., with de Maistre, Donoso Cortes, and Father Benson. One of the volumes is an anthology of Italian popular religious poetry. Another, yet to appear, will give us La Leggenda Aurea, by Jacopo da Voragine, forgotten for more than a century, and now restored to us in a magnificent fourteenth-century text.

Another series is being edited by Battelli, one of our finest scholars, who is devoting himself to translations of the best Franciscan texts, which have remained practically unknown to the present day. Still another is announced by the Casa Editrice Internazionale, while at Milan another publishing house is busied with an anthology of the "best pages" of the saints. This last, it may be remarked, does not pretend to any but a purely commercial aim. At the present moment, it is noticeable that the most worldly of publishing houses stands ready to publish religious works of whose sale it feels secure. A collection of studies upon saintly lives is being produced at Turin by a fine writer for young people—Giuseppe Fanciulli—while the Internazionale announce publication of a series of Catholic theatrical texts, Italian and foreign.

In the world of Catholic study and research, then, we find very marked activity, and it is extremely heartening to note that a public exists which is ardently interested in religious matters and reads religious books with enthusiasm. Is it in this quarter that we are to look for our true Catholic renaissance? So much is certain. If our foundations are secure, the stone strong and cemented, and our workers filled with zeal, no edifice we shall rear need fear attack, from whatever quarter proceeding. Our writers, old and young, must learn what Catholicism is. They must see it from the inside—they must live it in its substance—they must conceive it in its full grandeur. Then indeed, closely united to the soul of the Church, shall we be in a position to become the architects of a great Catholic literature.

Pietà

Knees of the knighted lord bending to the sword-tap,
Strong knees of pressers trampling out the wine,
Knees of the creeping babe, child-knees in arm-chairs,
Slow knees of dancers after love has spoken,
All shall, at the last, on these
Cradling broad maternal knees
Lie broken.

Knees of beseechers prostrated to idols,
Knees of the murderer crouching through the dark,
Knees of the saint, and of the thief impenitent,
Knees of the soldier stung with sudden lead,
All shall, at the last, on these
Tender soft maternal knees
Lie dead.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

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MEDIOCRITY AND MUSIC

By JULIA DUNCAN BUCHANAN

THERE has been a great advance in the technique of music pedagogy during the last fifteen years. Teachers have realized more fully the importance of applying to their problems the helps that have made general pedagogy more direct, more interesting, more instructive, and therefore more valuable. We have learned that the study of method is as necessary in teaching music as it is in teaching mathematics or history. We have had time to see the results of the "new teaching," and we see they are good. But in this, as in every new movement, there are those who do not take the trouble to overcome the inertia that a proposed change always encounters, and this is a real obstacle to be surmounted.

As a special lecturer, I have seen evidences of lagging spirit among instructors whether they taught as free lances or in educational institutions, and it has been a source of never-failing surprise and dismay to find in certain Catholic institutions of high standing this same hampering of progress in the music departments. As I go from place to place and see the material and the methods being used, the wonder grows upon me that an educational standard that calls for Shields's Philosophy of Education, and Barrett's Psychology, should consider the Battle of Prague and the Black Hawk Waltz as suitable material for the development of the art spirit in Catholic children. Why should not these children be brought up on the best of music literature? Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Tschaikowsky and Rebikov are quite as easily assimilated as Hearts and Flowers, and the Ben-Hur Chariot Race March, and are of infinitely more value.

We are making a great endeavor to instruct the mass of Catholic children in the singing of Gregorian chant, and so bring back to the people at large that part of the ritual of the Church which they have allowed to lapse. It is an excellent movement and cannot be over-valued, just as it is impossible to praise too highly the ear-training and general theoretical knowledge which the great talent and unflagging zeal of Mrs. Justine Ward made possible in the schools throughout the country. But why, in the name of the music-loving Saint Gregory, do we not see that to train the children in the best of ecclesiastic music, and then to feed them on the poorest type of profane music, is worse than folly? It is a definite and criminal lowering of our standing, which we cannot afford to have lowered in any degree, and of our standard, which in other things is of the highest.

It is significant of our teaching in the immediate past as well as in the present, that while the radio and phonograph serve as stimulants to the art spirit of Jewish and Protestant children, they act only as substitutes for our indolent brethren of the Faith. Music publishers and teachers agree that never before has there been such activity in music study, yet organists and choir leaders in certain Catholic Churches here in the East say it is impossible to find children of high-school age who are able to play simple hymns on the piano. Is this the fault of the children, or should we look to the type of instruction those children have had for the lack of interest they show?

Obviously, there have been some excellent teachers among choirmasters. Father Finn of the Paulists, has long preached and taught, and given concrete example of the necessity of musicianship and general culture, and a sound pedagogy in the training of boy choirs. In an unusually illuminating article (Music, Monks, and Moderns, the Catholic World, August, 1924) he says, in speaking of choral conductors:

> He must be a student, a thinker. He must have the habit of weighing in the balance his daily experiences according to a religious standard. . . . One who has acquired facility in musical technique only . . . will never elicit from a chorus the great inspirations of music. The choral conductor should be educated in the humanities. Perhaps he needs such education more than other musicians. If he be not a student of history and literature; if he fail to interest himself deeply in the current events of which he is integrally a part; briefly, if he permit his mind to be circumscribed by unrelated frontiers of music itself, his failure as a choral conductor is assured.

The principles of pedagogy remain the same in any phase of any educational subject—in music, rather more than less than the text-book subjects.

The Church's tradition in music is a glorious one, and, as a rule, is admitted as such by our non-Catholic scholars very whole-heartedly. How many students of music in Catholic institutions know the wonderful and inspiring story of how and when music was made? How many teachers of music in Catholic institutions have studied the history of the art they are teaching? So far as lack of progress in the arts is concerned, all the non-advance is not limited to Catholic schools and colleges, for many of our non-sectarian institutions are in the same lamentable condition; but by all the virtue of inheritance and tradition we expect to find our own on a higher level.

Of the many beautiful gifts to civilization made by the Church, perhaps the most winsome, and outside of its own divine office, the most spiritual, is music, that art developed so capably and fostered so lovingly until the more recent years when the Church's indolent and unappreciative children became indifferent to its higher implications. Music should not be treated as

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a luxury for the few, but as a necessity for all, considering its liturgical dignity, and its human charm as an elevating influence. Mediocrity in music is not good enough for our Catholic children; they should be trained in the knowledge and traditions of the Church, and this includes the arts so beautifully cared for and developed by that wise Mother of men. Mr. George Grey Barnard said that the Reformation was the direct cause of the smothering of the art spirit in England for centuries. It should be the proud knowledge of every Catholic child how and when the arts were introduced in England, and of the flowering of those arts. John of Fornsete should be made known to every child studying music, certainly as well as every child studying history knows Henry the Eighth; John was of vastly more inspiring stuff than the fat king. Palestrina is of infinitely more value from an artistic point of view than Fritz Spindler, yet many Catholic music students know something of Spindler and nothing at all of Palestrina!

How many Catholic teachers of music do we find taking courses of pedagogy, of psychology, of history, of literature, or the appreciation of paintings? How many Catholic teachers of music do we find among the classes of master musicians? Not many. Someone has said that teaching was the art of assisting the mind to self-improvement, and furnishing it with suitable material at each stage of its development in order to express that development. How is it to be done unless there is a teacher who has been trained in pedagogy, which includes morals, psychology, history, art, and who, in addition, is blessed with that intangible something which the Spaniards call "simpatica"? Ordinary judgment is as desirable in a teacher as in other individuals, and a teacher should possess a sympathetic understanding of the student's peculiar requirements of temperament, intelligence, and ambition, in order to attain the results that are the goal of teaching. Yet, I have known instances of lay teachers who, by telling hard-luck stories to tender-hearted sister superiors, would obtain teaching positions in reputable schools where their teaching was anything but an asset. This sort of thing is perhaps a kindness to teachers, but an unforgivable injustice to the children. One of the foremost Catholic institutions here in America provides for its students of instrumental music, teachers whose methods of pedagogy would seem to date back to sometime before the animals filed so decorously by twos into the Ark. Another institution of high standing provides seats at the opera for its students, but whether the students know anything of opera either before or after attendance, is a matter that little concerns the teachers of music in that institution. Another large institution always had the piano students learn, by brute strength or otherwise, to play the Second Mazurka by Godard. I have met many young ladies who had graduated from that very excellent institution, and after hearing them play, I could pick their Alma Mater. Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms were quite unknown to them, while Debussy, Ravel, and Stravinsky might have been the names of three Thibetan Lamas for all their knowledge of them!

To be a successful teacher of music, one must first be a teacher. No amount of musicianship will atone for lack of pedagogical ability. Many really excellent musicians are notoriously bad teachers. A very large percentage of our concert artists play by the grace of God; they neither know how they do it, nor how to teach others. Virtuosi, as a general rule, have not analytical minds, which is the first requisite of a teacher. Facility of execution does not mean ability to transmit knowledge, for it does not include patience, sympathy, understanding, open-mindedness, and again patience, for who was it said that it took the patience of God to teach? A pedagogical background is as necessary as technique in the art of teaching any subject. I have been told that I would insist on the Angel Gabriel studying general pedagogy before he would be allowed to blow his horn. Of course, the answer to that is that the shining Archangel is rated as the best of the trumpet virtuosi and had too much sense to teach without special powers, which would undoubtedly have been given to him if he had been sent as a pedagogue instead of as a messenger.

Of all people, Catholics should make the study of music an intellectual thing. When music is treated in an educational way, the necessity of trained teachers is at once apparent. The best teaching is to show what is good and the principles by which it is to be judged. The best teacher is one who has a wholehearted love for truth and beauty, and the ability to transmit that love for art and her knowledge of it to her students. Is it possible to stimulate the student to effort, to interest, and so to knowledge if there is no definiteness in the mind of the teacher herself? Would it not be better to acknowledge our musical shortcomings in our educational institutions and, with open minds, make a great effort to find a more definite and scientific way of study than that used so largely?

Analysis will either support or disprove our methods of teaching. Is it not the part of wisdom to analyze the music situation in which we find ourselves in our schools and colleges without bias either for or against, but seeking always to arrive at a definite and clear survey of our music education condition, and then strengthen our weak spots? Let us have in mind always and forever, the welfare of our Catholic young people, for on them falls the burden and the honor of carrying on the great and glorious tradition that our Holy Mother Church has handed down to us. The standard is high, let us endeavor to reach up to it. The opportunity for advancing the knowledge and love of art is present at all times among all people. It is doubly so among our Catholic children. It is doubly our duty to give our children the best of educational advantages, for it is their heritage and their due.

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THE GREENHORN

By MARJORIE CONE

EVERYBODY was cross this morning. Mr. Wolff hid in back of his paper at the breakfast table and Mrs. Wolff kept saying things that rattled through the Times. Mr. Teddy wouldn't eat his cereal and that almost saved the day, because Mr. Wolff and Mrs. Wolff and Fräulein all scolded him and became quite friendly doing it. Gretchen ran around hoping she wouldn't forget anything, and her flat peasant face annoyed them all. She had skeins of yellow hair which she wore twisted around in back, and the knot was so heavy that it pulled her head back a little. At home she had braided her hair and bound the braids about her head, but Mrs. Wolff didn't like it that way.

Mr. Teddy wanted to run back for a last look at his bulbs before he left for school and nobody would let him.

"That'll do, now," said everybody. Mr. Teddy yelled all the way down in the elevator and Mr. Wolff rumbled.

Mrs. Wolff found dust on the piano legs and was hurt and astonished at Gretchen's negligence. Mrs. Wolff said that she was having friends in to tea and she wanted everything to be especially nice. Gretchen froze where she stood. Mrs. Wolff would find out the Secret; Gretchen was so cold she shuddered.

It seemed as if terror quickened Gretchen. When the elevator banged open with the eleven o'clock mail she was already polishing the handle of the front door; the polish had worn the paint off and there was a halo around the knob. Gretchen opened the door to Mr. Martin, the elevator man; he was fat and jolly, with a great full-blown moustache.

"Good morning, young lady," he said. "Be good."

"I vill," said Gretchen, blushing like a geranium. If Mr. Martin knew!

There was no letter for her, but she had had a letter from Germany only two weeks ago. She went to Mr. Teddy's room and stood a moment at the open window, dipping her arms in the sunlight until the chill left her bones. On the window-sill there was a bowl with three bulbs in it; they were still dead and brown, but the earth in which they were set had a lovely smell when you bent to it. Every once in awhile Mr. Teddy pulled the bulbs up to see if the roots were growing. Gretchen always laughed at that and said: "Oh, Mr. Teddy!" If any of the family happened to be around they stared at her, fascinated; when she laughed it was like the cow jumping over the moon.

They were a queer family. Gretchen had come to them when she was a greenhorn and she had been with them nine months. Her aunt had found her the place. Her aunt had said to Mrs. Wolff:

"This looks like a clean house." Mrs. Wolff had laughed for a long time and she had engaged Gretchen. But often she didn't laugh. You never could tell.

Gretchen pulled the blankets from the bed and swung the mattress around. She sang a gay song with a sudden wild yell at the end of each verse. She had forgotten the Secret and she did not know she was singing; Gretchen had ceased to be.

"Gretchen!" It was at least the third time Mrs. Wolff had called her, because each time she grew a little louder and angrier.

"Mrs. Volff. Yaes?"

This time Mrs. Wolff was too interested in what she wanted to be angry.

"Gretchen, when you've finished Mr. Teddy's room come out into the kitchen. I want to tell you about this afternoon."

"Oh, yae, Mrs. Volff."

Gretchen finished the room but she did not sing any more. She was so cold again, no sunlight could warm her. Last time Gretchen had chipped one of the good dessert plates. The good dessert plates were banded in heavy gold and they were used only for company. Gretchen's heart had turned sick inside her when she saw what she had done. She had put the plate back in the closet and tried to forget about it. But now she would be discovered.

Mrs. Wolff told Gretchen to take down the good dishes and wipe them off. What was she going to do! Back in its corner lay the Secret; there it had lain all the time, with the chip on top of it. Gretchen trembled when she saw it. Mrs. Wolff stood there while Gretchen wiped the gold-edged glasses but Gretchen didn't crack anything.

As soon as Mrs. Wolff went out of the kitchen Gretchen told Mary about it. She had to do something. Mary wasn't much interested. She just said that Mrs. Wolff would kill her if she found out. Mary was such a good cook that she could have thrown the plates, one by one, at Mrs. Wolff, and nothing would have happened to her.

"Paste the chip on," said Mary. "Maybe she won't notice."

Where was she going to find paste? Mary said at the Five and Ten.

Mrs. Wolff went out to get butter and cream, and Gretchen went out right after her, but down the back way, of course. That delayed her, but she ran all the way to Lexington Avenue to make up for it. She was all out of breath when she saw the Five and Ten, a long way off, shining and red as a Christmas tree ornament.

There were so many beautiful things in the Five

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and Ten; Gretchen could have spent a happy life there, wandering from counter to counter, lost in wonder and delight. Even now a purple calendar almost stayed her, and a toy cow stabbed her heart with the thought of home.

The girl said that the glue would stick anything together forever. Gretchen paid ten cents and held the little package tight, tight in her hand. When she ran by the church she crossed herself and panted a prayer to the Blessed Virgin that the glue would stick.

Mrs. Wolff had not come in yet, so that was all right.

Gretchen set the table with Mrs. Wolff looking on. She wasn't sure about the tea-cups. She brought one in and looked at Mrs. Wolff. Not a sign. She put one down in an off-hand way. Nothing happened. She put down another. She must be right.

"Oh, Gretchen!"

A cup wobbled in its saucer.

"Can't you remember anything, Gretchen? Didn't you have the cups at my place last time?"

Gretchen cast down her eyes in shame. She had not remembered.

She was busy after lunch; she didn't have a moment to mend the plate. The ladies came and she had to help them off with their coats and lay the coats carefully on the bed. The ladies talked rather loud and said, "My dear, am I early?" or, "My dear, am I late?" After awhile they all settled down at the bridge tables in the parlor.

Gretchen got down the Secret and tried to glue it together. At first it would not stick and her fingers could not hold the chip straight; the place where it had been was white against the gold band. She put lots of glue on it and at last the plate and the chip stayed together. She set the plate in a corner to dry. If only Mrs. Wolff did not notice.

At half past four Gretchen served tea and the plate wasn't dry yet. They had to eat their salad first and maybe by that time it would be dry. Gretchen's hands were no part of her any more; she did not know them. She could not think while she served, and so she did not become confused, as she usually did. She did not make a single mistake. Gretchen cleared away the remains of the salad and brought in the dessert plates. She brought It in last, so that the glue could dry as long as possible, and then she saw that she had to give it to the lady next to Mrs. Wolff.

When she came in with the glorious date cake, Mrs. Wolff was looking at the shining little rim where the glue showed. The cake slipped a bit to one side and the voices of the ladies slid a note higher. Gretchen served the cake perfectly. Then she passed the cups of tea without slopping even one saucer. Mrs. Wolff was tapping her finger against her glass; it was a bad sign. And when she got to the lady with the plate, the chip had disappeared. While she stared, the lady took the chip out of her mouth, in the most refined way, on a fork. Mrs. Wolff saw and blushed crimson and her expression changed in a startling way. Tears covered Gretchen's eyes and each plate and glass on the table beamed like a star.

The ladies were leaving when Mr. Teddy came home. He dived through them and ran into the kitchen.

"What's the matter with Gretchen?" he asked. Gretchen burst right out crying and Mr. Teddy stared at her uncomfortably.

Mr. Wolff whistled from the hall and Mr. Teddy ran out to him. They came back together. Gretchen did not look at them, for shame.

"Well, what've you got for the Old Man?" said Mr. Wolff.

Mrs. Wolff came in and Gretchen reached for a dish she could not see. Her heart stopped beating.

"Hullo, everybody," said Mrs. Wolff. "I'm glad that's over. Frank, did you get something to eat?"

"Mother, what's the matter with Gretchen? She was crying."

If she could only have hidden somewhere!

"Oh, Frank," said Mrs. Wolff, "I must tell you what happened. You'll die laughing. I could hardly control myself. That Smith woman nearly swallowed a chip from a dessert plate. You know how refined she thinks she is—well—" she whispered the rest and Mr. Wolff shouted and Mrs. Wolff said, "Isn't that a scream?"

"Mother, what's the matter with Gretchen?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Wolff. "She did fine. I'll teach her yet. She didn't forget a thing today."

Gretchen's heart began to beat again and it made such a noise she couldn't hear. They were the funniest family; you never knew when they were going to laugh. Gretchen was so happy and relieved that she seemed to swell all over until she could scarcely stir for happiness.

"Well, I can see it was a grand party," said Mr. Wolff. " 'Vanderbilt ist ein Hund dagegen.' Isn't that so, Gretchen?"

"Oh, Mr. Volff!" Gretchen laughed and laughed. By the time she stopped she had quite forgotten what she was laughing about. She only knew that she was happy again.

"Let's go inside, Father," Mr. Teddy was yelling. "Come on Father, come inside and look at my bulbs."

"Shut up, now, you wild Indian, you," said Mr. Wolff. "We'll all go to have a look at the bulbs."

"Oh, Mr. Volff!"

"No, we'll all go," said Mr Wolff.

So they all went. Mary and Fräulein and Gretchen went too. One of the bulbs in the bowl was growing; there was a tiny hard green point. Gretchen felt as though the sun had come out suddenly and blessed them.

"Oh," she stammered, "ist so schön grün."

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A CORNER OF OLD FRANCE

By BARBARA DE COURSON

IF it is useless to lament changes that are not wholly to be regretted, it is undoubtedly a deep enjoyment to find an "unspoiled corner" where, in these days of feverish haste, the people's quiet and slow speech, softness of manner, and old-fashioned courtesy stamp them as lovers of tradition.

"La douceur Angevine," sung by du Bellay, in the seventeenth century, is still an essential characteristic of his countrymen today. This "unspoiled corner" that for thirty years I have been privileged to see at close quarters, is the part of Anjou that extends beyond Angers, on the left bank of the Loire; it officially belongs to the "department" of Maine-et-Loire. Long ago, it was called "le pays des Mauges"; after the civil war, it became known as "la Vendée militaire" in memory of the struggle of the peasant soldiers against the revolutionary armies. This war was started in 1793, as a crusade, when the government closed the churches and maltreated the priests who rejected the schismatical oath that Pius VI condemned.

Curiously enough, the war that eventually made la Vendée a desert was initiated by the peasants; the execution of the king had not stirred them to action, but the attack on their religion moved their feelings to the very depths. The gentlemen of the country, better informed, held back. They hated the new "régime" and were as good Catholics as their tenants, but many of them were ex-officers; they knew that the "royal and Catholic army," as the peasant troops called themselves, could not hold its own against the well-equipped and well-trained soldiers of the republic. Nevertheless, they were compelled to take the lead and went to war in a martyr spirit. After scoring one or two distinct successes, the Catholic army was crushed by overwhelming forces; then la Vendée became the prey of the "infernal columns," who had orders to go through the land, burning every homestead and church, and killing every man, woman and child; the mandate was thoroughly carried out.

Then better days dawned at last. It was found that half the population of "les Mauges" had perished, but the survivors set to work patiently to rebuild on a modest scale their churches and their homes.

Thirty years ago, the story of "la grande guerre," as it was called, was a living tradition: we were shown the "allée du trésor," where hundreds of gold coins were found. They had evidently been hastily buried under the trees by some hunted fugitive, who never returned to claim his own. A big chestnut tree, hollowed by age, had been a hiding place that escaped the "infernal columns"; here and there, at the crossroads, tragic memories were centered. In the long winter evenings, "a la veillée," as they say, old people told the tales of horrors and heroism, gathered from the lips of an earlier generation. These are traditions of the past; another war, fiercer and longer, has since levied a heavy toll on la Vendée; the regiments from western France being the staunchest, naturally figured at all the hot places of the front. The "grande guerre" is now the one that started in 1914, the other has become a shadowy vision blotted out by keener memories.

There is no grand scenery in Anjou, but there is a great deal of charm—an abundance of fruit and flowers in the prosperous villages, churches that even at daily Mass are crowded, and on the banks of the Loire an elusive soft blue light that local poets have sung; at early morn and late in the summer evenings, it wraps the hills and the river in a silver veil.

Such as it is, the country appeals to its children and holds them fast in its grasp; their local patriotism is even exaggerated. When first we visited "les Mauges," where it is strongly developed, we were surprised to hear it said, with regret, that so and so had married a "stranger." On inquiry, the "foreigner" hailed from a village a few miles distant! Two tablets that now appear side by side in all the villages of Anjou illustrate the way in which these stay-at-home people hold to their immediate surroundings: on one are inscribed the village lads who died for France in the late war; on the other the peasants who were shot near Angers in 1794, among whom are many future "beati," whose cause is now being discussed by ecclesiastical authorities. On both tablets, at more than a hundred years distance, the same names are to be found belonging to the same place.

The faith of the Anjou peasant is more enlightened than that of his Breton neighbor. The "Angevin" clergy is noted for its dignity and zeal. The priests give their people a solid instruction that develops easily in an atmosphere of religion, the heritage of generations, and at which passing missionaries, not of the country, often marvel.

This enlightened faith makes death easy—only last year a peasant woman was dying close to the house where I was staying. She was one who did her duty quietly, as a matter of course, but no member of a religious community could have been more upheld by a wave of unceasing prayer. During the days that her agony lasted, the cottage door remained open, and from a room, spotlessly clean, came the sound of "Aves," soft, earnest, and ceaseless. The lady of the manor, the sick one's family, her neighbors, nuns from the next village, laborers fresh from their day's work, came in and out in silence, knelt and joined in the rosary that to the very threshold of eternity accompanied the passing soul. All was calm, solemn and simple —the ideal death-bed of a Christian. Toward the end, the bell of the "agony" sounded from the church, for, according to a local custom, this bell is not rung after a death, but during an agony, when prayers are needed to assist the soul in its supreme ordeal. An old man, who for years had filled the office of bell-ringer, directed it for the last time in his own case: "Not just yet," he said at first, "wait till I give the sign," then quietly he gave it and passed away while the bell echoed across the meadows.

The year of 1914 drew the people closer together: the only son of the widowed lady of the manor fell in 1918; a few hours after the news came, the house chapel was filled with a sobbing, prayerful crowd. In moments like these the innate refinement of the Anjou peasants is revealed.

Between the chateau, the people and the presbytery, reigns a cordial friendship. The "curé" holds his flock in his hand and governs it with kindly firmness; he and the chateau work together for the general good and to the chateau the people go, less for material help (they are not poor) than for advice and encouragement. "Monsieur le Comte" is asked to make peace between quarrelsome neighbors or to negotiate a marriage when there are obstacles to be removed. "Madame la Comtesse" is in request wherever there is sickness or sorrow; the people have shared her many griefs and know that she will always share theirs.

When we say that this is an "unspoiled corner" we do not mean that it has entirely kept its primitive simplicity, but the changes brought by passing years have not, so far, attacked the

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basis of religious faith and social discipline inherited from generations of devout and right-thinking people. The men who went through the war brought back new ideas and more independence, but, if sometimes touched by socialism, they were promptly reconquered by the familiar atmosphere of home. A change that has nothing tragical about it, but that lovers of local customs regret, is the disappearance of the snowy "coiffe" that was worn by old and young fifty years ago. In the region of which I write it was singularly becoming; it came to a point on the forehead, Marie Stuart fashion—its wings were edged with delicate lace and the whole helped to soften and refine even aged faces, reminding one of the elderly Dutch-women that Rembrandt loved to paint. Now, alas, the Angevin coiffe, that varies slightly in every village, only crowns grey or white heads! The young women and girls sport cheap hats and declare that the washing and ironing of the local head-dress was an expensive business. This may be, but from the standpoint of tradition, and becomingness, the vanishing coiffe is to be regretted.

Anjou holds its children fast: in the seventeenth century a poet, Joachim du Bellay, attached to the household of a French cardinal, confesses his homesickness for it among the splendors of the Roman palaces and churches. The "douceur Angevine" of which he speaks in the famous sonnet, has become a by-word, for it characterizes the moral and material aspect of Anjou.

COMMUNICATIONS

AN ECONOMIC CHALLENGE

Jackson, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—It seems to be the customary practice of certain sociologists, editors, and others, interested in "the condition of labor," to regularly make depreciating remarks about employers as a class (as though they were all united under a common standard with the class-slogan, "down with the laboring man!")

Anyone who will refer to the proceedings of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems held in Pittsburgh several years ago, will find plenty of evidence of this claim, and current issues of our Catholic papers quite often illustrate the same state of mind. The attitude thus demonstrated is critical. That is well. But the difficulty which the ordinary employer meets in reading such attacks is, briefly, "what can I do about it?" We are referred constantly to Pope Leo's encyclical. Very well. I do not know of a single honest Catholic employer who would not try literally to put in practice all of the principles therein enunciated, provided he is the sole judge of those conditions, and is not hampered with possibly a hard-hearted partner or some other influence just as powerful but none the more lenient toward their employees. So he has to compromise many conflicting interests which are lost sight of when such a question as a "living wage" is mentioned. Suppose his men don't make a living wage? What is he going to do about it?

To make the problem clearer, I have taken a typical case of an employer who has a serious problem of this nature. It is given below in detail. The purpose of presenting it here is to ask all or anyone interested in this man's problem to please come forward and solve it for him, analyzing the various interests, both economic and ethical, which may be involved, so that this employer, reading these proposed solutions, can determine what is the course which he is in conscience bound to follow. This is putting the matter plainly, for if one solution is clearly against some teaching of the Church, such as that defrauding the laborer of his wages is a very grievous sin, he cannot take it without incurring the penalty for all such sins.

The aim of this presentation is to try to find out just what the living-wage enthusiasts believe in. If they cannot solve this man's problem and cannot convict him of sin in accepting any solution for it, one will be inclined to think that rather than classifying employers as a group, and treating them as such, and saying that it is a social injustice in this or that industry where a living wage is not paid for certain work, they will be more inclined to get all the facts about that industry before attempting a solution, rather than merely those which clearly prove that a living wage is not paid. The case is as follows:

A certain manufacturer has a plant located in a small community of about a thousand people. There are three other plants, but all in other lines of manufacturing than his. His payroll constitutes about one-third of the community's income. The product he manufactures has fallen in price during the past three years, until practically every firm manufacturing it has lost money during the past year. His volume of output has been very nearly to capacity, but because of the low price, he too, has lost money. Because most of his competitors are larger than he, they have lower unit costs, and he cannot reduce his costs any further without increasing his capacity, which will only make the price situation in his industry worse than ever. He is faced with the alternative of cutting wages or of serious financial difficulty. Wages in his industry are notoriously low, and in his case complicated by the fact that most of the men working for him are married. If he cuts wages further, many of them will be in dire poverty with no other employment available in their community and no prospect of any in their particular trade if they are so fortunately situated that they can move their families away. Most of them are not so situated. If he does not cut wages, he is fairly certain of having great difficulty in holding his organization intact.

This is the problem, and I assure you, while it may be a particularly aggravated one, it contains about all the elements necessary to make it complete. Will someone come forward and on the basis of the facts given, point out clearly and concretely what this man must do so as not to violate the principles of justice to the workingman? Will a cut in wages under these circumstances be unjust? Is the employer justified in passing on some of the loss due to market conditions to his employees? If he is not, what remedy shall he take to save his investment and his own income?

I shall await with much interest any replies which the Editor may receive.

STEPHEN DU BRUL.

THE SEAL OF THE CHURCH PATERNAL

Medford, Mass.

TO the Editor:—If Stanley Frost had pushed back, in this month's issue of The Forum, to the basic principles upon which our country was established, he would have found the solid ground upon which rests the standards for judgment necessary to an appreciation of whether or not the piety in Chicago at the Eucharistic Congress were native or alien. He would have found that, although the culture of our America is indeed Protestant, the genius of our America is Catholic—

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so broad as to embrace universal mankind. That Protestant influence is waning Mr. Frost clearly sees, it being evident that prior to some ten years ago Chicago would not have been an agreeable place in which to pay the tribute of public worship to the Eucharistic King of all mankind.

The basic principles upon which our America rests should show that the fathers of this republic had ploughed the mental ground deep for a universal theism—the belief in inalienable rights coming from God. For long years Benjamin Franklin had oriented this objective in Poor Richard's Almanac while Jefferson had studied the deep-down relations of a free church and a free state as set forth by those masters of things Catholic—Ballarmine and Saurez.

Thus it was that our civil society was given so deep a base that no Christian sect has been able to overrule the religious freedom secured to us by the Declaration of Independence.

Failing to step back upon solid American ground, Mr. Frost rightly maintains that the Catholic Church is alien to Protestant culture that has, in fact, dominated the sentiment of our national life well-night up to date. Yet, since the Catholic Church is not a national institution and so likewise not international but rather supra-national—above and outside the confines of all nations and all tribes as the infallible religion of Almighty God must necessarily be—she is equally at home within every nation under the sun. Happily so here under Old Glory where the civil power recognizes the right of every man to worship God in the open without let or hindrance. Here Peter and Caesar dwell in reasonable concord, the spiritual and the civil governments each being supreme in its own sphere. But unhappily, though resolutely, at home is the Church where her hierarchy is mounting the hill toward Calvary as is just now the case in Mexico.

A keen observer, Mr. Frost saw on the faces of all the assembled prelates—above all their racial inheritances—the "seal of the Church Paternal." Not there only but upon the forehead of the Holy Father down to the humblest shepherd of his flock is the seal of spiritual authority indelibly stamped.

If only the multitudinous man were to respond to Christ's invitation and go to the priest for the cure of his sin-sick soul all would be well. Then from the melting-pot of America there might issue a civil type of face—retaining racial traits of the culture of every older nation—bearing the seal of brotherly love, a fraternalism maintained by equality before the civil law.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY.

THE VALENTINO FUNERAL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A letter in your issue of September 15 contains untrue statements about our church services.

A Reverend E. F. Reilly writes: "The New York Times of August 23 carried two items that, if true, are an indictment of Catholicity . . . in . . . your city. . . . The first stated: 'More than five hundred members of the theatrical profession filled the Actors' Chapel of Saint Malachy's Roman Catholic Church, 239 West Forty-ninth Street, at the eleven o'clock Mass yesterday. Funeral services for Rudolph Valentino are to be held there today. The Reverend Edward F. Leonard, pastor of the church, preached on love. Although he did not mention Valentino by name, it was understood that the sermon was suggested by his death.'"

First of all, I did not celebrate the actors' Mass that day nor did I preach.

Secondly, my curate, Reverend Joseph McKenna preached a very instructive sermon on Saint Genesius, patron saint of actors and members of the profession. The Mass was offered for their welfare and many of them received Holy Communion at that Mass in honor of Saint Genesius.

Due to the fact that the feast of Saint Genesius was celebrated on that Sunday, the subject matter of the sermon was selected in accordance with the spirit of the feast. It was not a sermon on love nor was it suggested by the death of Valentino.

Father McKenna, knowing that it would be his turn to celebrate the actors' Mass and to preach on that Sunday had prepared his sermon beforehand. The fact that the death of Valentino occurred at this time in no way influenced him in the selection of his subject; and he would have preached the same sermon whether Valentino was living or dead.

REV. EDWARD F. LEONARD.

THE MEXICAN CONSTITUTION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Marie Regine Madden has, in the current issue of the Jesuit quarterly, Thought, a masterly essay on the Mexican constitutions. At the risk of seeming ill-natured and even uncharitable, I must emphasize the superiority of this method of approaching the Mexican situation over that chosen by the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic groups in the United States.

Religious liberty is, in fact, not recognized in the Mexican Constitution. In particular, the Catholic Church clashes completely, in its organization, with the Mexican concept of equality. The "Arredondo pledge" to the Wilson administration very carefully guarantees religious liberty "subject to no limitation but that of the constitution," which gives it exactly no value at all; any succeeding administration would walk on very delicate ground in attempting to consider it a binding pledge.

That the Mexican Constitution was falsely conceived and is unworkable has long been plain to Mexicans and to some Americans who have had occasion to study the matter. The essay in Thought should go far to clarify the minds of all who are honestly seeking light on Mexico and is an excellent starting point for the study so strongly recommended by The Commonweal.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE POPE AND THE POOR

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—"Pope Will Build Houses for Workers," is a heading on the front page of The Tablet, August 7. Pius XI on more than one occasion has given proof that he has the spirit of his Master, Jesus Christ. We have been told that recently he built a church in one of the poorest quarters of Rome. Is he mistaken? Who is more in need of the ministrations of God's Church than those who live in the slums and byways? "Go tell John that the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Pius XI prefers to see many small chapels erected than one basilica. Now the Vicar of Christ gives another proof of his solicitude for the poor by building homes for them. What a blessing if American millionaires did the same. Our nation can make but small progress in civilization, as long as there are so many without their own reasonably comfortable homes. The start must be made in the home.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

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SONNETS

Night Song

At midnight, from the darkness of the wood,
Like sudden moonlight silvering a dream,
Brightly a bird's notes pierce the solitude,
A single aria that stills the stream
An instant and arouses me from slumber.
Lone singer on the vast stage of the night,
Often in chorus I have heard, past number,
Your crystal requiems to the fading light.

And this is the epitome of all
The season of your singing, clear and brief
And unexpected from the wood's dark wall.
You were awakened by a falling leaf
And, thinking autumn near and silence long,
Gathered the summer in one final song.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

Give me Thy peace, I cried, O God, if Thou
Canst pour Thy balm o'er any storm-wracked soul
Visit Thou me—and let Thy waters roll
Their waves in healing silence o'er me now
I faint, I fall, wearied, in dark despair;
The strife has broken me—my hope is vain,
The world's harsh roar hath drowned my soul in care.
I wait—Thy call alone can ease my pain.

Take as a child into Thine arms again
Him who no rest can find, no Gilead where
Thou for these years hast made him strive—but there
Within Thy haven peace that knows no stain.
Nay! Still my soul! This promise ever keep
Thy moan—"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

The Garden in September

How different, and yet the same, this place
Hidden by hedges that the frost has licked
With scorching, scarlet tongue. 'Tis here were picked
The first faint May-buds. In the selfsame place
Now zinnias sway, and the pale tentative
Narcissus-blooms have yielded place to phlox
In purple hosts. The marigold now mocks
The tawny dahlia that must flaunt to live.

So once with her. Her earliest buds were white
And timorous fragrance shook from their frail folds.
Midsummer's sun wrought havoc with them all . . .
Now her heart knows its season to be fall,
And, recklessly, no longer she withholds
Color or ardor in this last delight.

JESSIE STORRS BUTLER.

West Indies

I

Down the Sea

Now I have come a long way down the sea
Toward the Guianas and the deep Brazils
That hid Manoa: where they say the hills
Have cores of silver, where a man might be
A lifetime on one river, hopelessly
Caught in its python coils; where thunder spills
Fierce rain along the jungle's tarnished sills,
They are forbidden. They escape from me
And baffle me with islands. I shall find
Sea-urchin sands and palm trees and a white
Smother of reef. Distance will thicken soon
Into a wan and crinkled melon-rind
Of coast to round and ripen in the light
As though a Line storm had blown down the moon.

II

Splintered Jewels

These are the Indies flung like a bright dust
Of splintered jewels over the vast shoulder
That shrugs the North aside. I know them older
Than any human paradox: they must
Have shattered the sea's logic when they thrust
Their seething cones against the sky to smoulder,
More savage and more passionate than those colder
Volcanoes piercing the Andean crust.
Why should my dream demand a continent
When any crater in a ring of reef
Can call the lyric lightning down whereon
Vision depends, an island only meant
As life is, for a sonnet tense and brief?
Death will unroll the epic Amazon.

III

Desert Island

There is one island like a sleepy rose.
The waves have worn it down and left no scars.
You might confuse it with the thick drowned stars,
So clear the shore, so white the surf that snows!
Nobody lives there. Only the gull goes
Cruising along the wind above the bars
Of mirror-sand his pale reflection mars
In passing. But it's little the gull knows
Of such a place, and I know less than he.
The heel of a hurricane could soon erase
This beauty and submerge it in the sea.
I saw it from the ship and shall not cease
To think of its sphered calm, its remote peace,
And how it made me crave your stormy face.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Sour Grapes

IN this new comedy by Vincent Lawrence, you have, among other things, a curiously accurate reflection of nearly everything that is wrong or partly wrong with the current theatre. You have, for example, a man in a fit of angry depression exclaiming "Jesus"—to the apparent delight and laughter of the audience; a breach of every canon of respect of which a semi-intelligent Chinese would never be guilty. Then you have some amazingly good dialogue and a strong undercurrent of human understanding matched with a crudity and thinness of plot worthy of a high-school playwright. You also have an alarming mixture of good and bad acting. In other words, the typical chaos, lack of proportion, blending of opposites, and general air of slap-dash cheapness which characterize the New York stage as a whole and explain the astonishing number of theatrical failures.

The utterly useless profanity needs no further comment; it is all the more flagrant because the author has no semblance of dramatic excuse for it, not even the flimsy one of characterization. The other points are worth some attention, as a key to the appraisal of other and more important plays. To take the story, first: a wife falls in love (or thinks she does) with another man, finds her husband all too ready to give her a divorce, and has her plans all completed when she discovers that said other man is compelled to marry the girl he was originally engaged to. Thereupon husband and wife, who, if I do not mistake the author's intentions, have really been in love with each other all along, but somewhat blinded by boredom, set about to re-create what they have so nearly destroyed. A worth-while idea for a play in so far as it shows that a little earnest effort will often recapture that bond of union which lies deeper than physical attraction. But this undercurrent hardly compensates for the general cynicism of the treatment, nor for the crude incident of the fiancée's approaching maternity, which makes the reconciliation spring from objective circumstance rather than self-discovery.

The dialogue, within its own sophisticated intentions, is remarkably well written, natural, somewhat staccato after the fashion of intimate conversation, and well pointed. But Mr. Lawrence's highest achievement comes in the last act, a single scene devoted entirely to the conversation of husband and wife. To write a full-length act for only two characters, and through the variety of approach to a single subject to give it enough substance to hold one's attention unflaggingly, is a task demanding amazing skill.

Of course, the chief advance interest in the play lay in the re-appearance of Alice Brady after her much over-heralded performance in Bride of the Lamb last season. Miss Brady is a clever actress, but never quite a convincing one. She is not an instrument through which the real character created by the author flows to the audience. She lets her own personality intervene, confusing rather than perfecting the original portrait. In the present part, her voice lacks the subdued charm of the wife that Mr. Lawrence has indicated. But of her vivacity and ironical humor there can be no question. The last few moments, in which a note of tender sincerity breaks forth, are by far her best.

But the outstanding value of the whole performance was the work of John Halliday as the husband. I have never seen, in a "straight part," a more finished and skilfully reserved piece of acting, a greater range of facial pantomime, nor a more complete conveying of under- and over-tones of feeling. Miss Flora Sheffield also had one moment of pantomime which many actresses of far greater reputation might well study and hope to equal. But the grimaces of Frank Conroy, as the interloper, after his one well-proportioned introductory scene, went very far to break up what little illusion of reality a play of this sort might create.

The Adorable Liar

"A FANCIFUL comedy by Roy Briant and Harry Durant"—meaning, a comedy in which a marriageable young lady who still sees elves on the roadside and is subject to other exaggerations of word and fancy, receives a young man in her bedroom, has a perfectly proper midnight lunch of sandwiches and coffee with him, but is unable to dismiss him before she has fallen in love with him and created certain obvious though unjust suspicions. Perhaps the authors' intention of showing innocence at home and the subtitle of "fanciful" should make this a delightful story. But if you ask yourself a pointblank question, you must admit that whatever the innocence of the characters themselves, the comedy hinges on the greater worldly knowledge of the audience. And that, I submit, is box-office innocence, and not romantic fancy. It is only one step less gross than revealing the lovely thoughts of childhood to the mordant ridicule of the mob.

Furthermore, the premises are not well sustained. There may be such fanciful young ladies, but at the age of Karith Barry their imaginary romances are apt to be of sturdier Arthurian fabric, or, if not, the phenomenon needs more convincing explanation than that supplied in the present play. As a personal vehicle, however, for Miss Dorothy Burgess, Karith proved successful. Every time a younger actress shows some special naturalness or more obscure quality, the shout goes up: "Here is another Helen Hayes." As a matter of fact, Miss Burgess once understudied Helen Hayes and succeeded her in the road company of Dancing Mothers. But—regretfully—she is not another Helen Hayes. Miss Hayes is quite as unique as Maude Adams, though not in the least like her. There is nothing in Miss Burgess's performance to indicate unique qualities—merely the natural lovableness of a fresh young ingénue, with a turn for droll mannerisms. She may develop more striking abilities with experience, or even with a better play, havng some serious emotional value. But for the present, we can only add her to the list of some four or five young ladies whom it will always be a pleasure to see. And that, as I see it, is by no means slim praise.

Service for Two

TWO or three years ago, the critics and an all too small percentage of the possible New York audiences were captivated by the grim power of the work of a new playwright, Martin Flavin. The play was Children of the Moon, a study of mental heredity and suggestion almost Ibsenesque in form and impact. Last year, Mr. Flavin had another play produced which, though still abounding in adventurous thoughts,

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failed to ring true to common experience. Its subject matter was too limited and its handling fell far short of its idea. This year, Mr. Flavin has somersaulted into a comedy that ought to have been a farce; likewise a three-act play that has about enough material in it for one furious act.

It has, however, several distinct merits. It is amusing—in numerous spots—without being vulgar. While it makes no attempt to be uplifting, it does not depend on suggestiveness nor flimsy attire nor beds nor vagrant instincts for its fun. An English earl, married to an American wife, finds himself in the same hotel with a movie star to whom he was formerly and unwisely engaged—unwisely in that he had written her many letters worth (as any press agent would know) many thousands of dollars in a breach of promise suit. Being for peace at any price, and finding himself in the next room to his former fiancée, the said earl tries to postpone the seemingly inevitable revelation; strangely enough, and thanks to the good sportsmanship of the movie star, with success.

The best part of this tenuous evening is the acting of Hugh Wakefield as the distressed earl. It is one of those plays where the "business" injected by the actors is at least on a par with the playwright's lines in creating and sustaining the mood. Perhaps Mr. Flavin wrote in much of this business—such a delectable moment, for example, as when the earl removes his shoes, planning the comfort of bedroom slippers, only to put on his shoes again and absently place the red slippers in the closet. But one gathers the impression that Mr. Wakefield's inventiveness is responsible for much of the body of the farce, largely because, with the exception of Miss Marion Coakley as the movie star, the other characters are so often left standing in their tracks.

On Mystery Plays

LAST week, The Donovan Affair, the new mystery play by Owen Davis, was reviewed in these columns. I should like to add a few words on mystery plays in general. There is, perhaps, no other dramatic field offering to the intelligent playwright so large an opportunity for re-creating the elemental magic of the entertainment stage. In one respect, The Ghost Train surpasses The Donovan Affair by several leagues, and that is in the hinting at supernatural forces. Some day—I hope soon—we shall see a mystery play by a playwright who can bring all the conviction of supernatural agencies created by such a play as The Dybbuk. Obviously, it will be a difficult play to write. But if well done it will be a work of pure theatrical art. Speed the day!

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BOOKS

Mind and Its Place in Nature, by Durant Drake. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

SINCE the days of Aristotle and Plato, mental philosophy has appeared in many different garbs, practical or poetical, realistic or mystical, formal and dignified, or ludicrous and even degrading. Very few have been of lasting value. For a long time animism was universally accepted in one form or other until finally challenged by radical materialism, which in turn was reacted against by idealistic monism. In order to avoid either extreme, attempts at compromise were made in theories of body-mind relations such as parallelism and epiphenomenalism.

Recently there has been a recrudescence of idealism of a more or less pragmatic nature in Freudian literature, while on the other hand the development and growth of empirical psychology has turned the main tide of thought toward realism of a monistic type. Behaviorism represents the extreme of this movement, although it is too limited in scope to form a complete mental philosophy. But there are a great many modern realists, such as Bertrand Russell, Whitehead, Broad, and the American "neo-realists" who have worked out more or less complete philosophical theories of mind.

Following the general tendencies of behaviorism, Professor Drake presents in this volume a theory of the ultimate nature of mind and matter, in which he asserts that our knowledge composing the physical sciences is literally true of an existing world, and that minds have an equally objective reality. But in accepting external reality and mental states, respectively, as the data of perceptual and introspective knowledge in so far as it is veridical, the author designates his theory as monistic realism in contradistinction to the pan-objectivism of other realists who hold all data of experience to possess, as such, actual existence in space outside the knower.

The author argues from data of experiences which are either perceptual or introspective. Our knowledge of reality consists in our reactions to it, and we believe this knowledge to be veridical although we are unable to prove it so. While we may hold secondary qualities of objects, such as color, sound, taste, etc., to be merely symbolic, we are justified in our belief in a real world composed of things having the primary qualities, size, shape, position, motion, mass, etc., which science describes. Only such a world in detail serves to explain the concrete peculiarities of our perceptual experience.

The author identifies mental with cerebral states. While the terms "physical" and "psychical" have different meanings, the difference is not necessarily one of substance or realm of being, nor is it merely epistemological, but the terms are metaphysical, referring to different aspects of existents known. Perception and physics reveal to us the brain only in the arrangement of its parts in space and time, but not in its substance. We may therefore believe in its substantial nature as found in introspection and say that the brain has a psychic character, which is explained by the brain being made of psychic stuff arranged in a physical pattern. As the simplest assumption which would also be in conformity with the principle of continuity and, moreover, explain the origin of minds in a non-mental world, it would then follow that all things are composed of psychic stuff. Yet, awareness is not a property of psychic stuff, but depends upon its correlation and function. This theory, the author avers, "gives little added illumination

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to our knowledge of nature. But it does assert our kinship with all the rest of the natural world. It puts an end to the need of introducing such magical entities as souls or entelechies and explains consciousness in natural terms."

Professor Drake's theory of mind is on the whole admirable, carefully constructed as it is on data of empirical psychology coördinated with those of introspection. One may possibly question his use of the term "mind" in an entitative sense, especially since in that sense it denotes nothing but the organism. Since "mental functions" are merely an aspect of organic functions, the term might better be limited to a functional sense. But the organic-functional view of mind, which as such is not original to the author, seems so far the only theory which adequately fits our data.

It is difficult, however, to agree with the distingushed author as regards the origin of consciousness. One readily admits that consciousness can be nothing but a function of the organism, governed by the processes mentioned. But it is entirely another matter to explain consciousness in potentia by the psychic nature of matter in general. Moreover, it would seem to be overworking the principle of continuity to invoke it here while there is not a speck of evidence to show continuity between organisms and inert matter.

The author also suggests that his reference to the origin of consciousness to the "psychic stuffness" of matter does away with the need for assuming the existence of a soul. But this "psychic stuffness" is purely hypothetical; in mathematics it would be expressed by an "x." If we should assume the existence of a soul in the organism merely in order to explain consciousness, we would at the most exchange the "x" for a "y." The difference would be nil.

It is, of course, quite possible to hold the belief in a soul and at the same time accept an organic-functional theory of mind and consciousness. Animism does not necessarily mean psychological dualism. As a fact, scholasticism presents an animistic, metaphysical dualism which redounds to psychological monism in so far as mental functions are referred to the organism as a unitary sentient principle. The metaphysical principles of which the organism is the resultant, are body and soul. From the point of view of this theory it is the soul that differentiates organisms from non-organisms, a difference too radical to mark a single step in an alleged process of continuity.

It seems that rational life is ill-explained by a theory that leaves no room for a soul. It is well enough to say that "intelligence is an organization of the sensori-motor processes in which the traces left by accumulating experience are so elaborately and justly representative of the nature of the surrounding world that they are able to steer the organism through its various dangers and predicaments." That statement cannot be disputed, but it does not explain intellect any more than saying that consciousness is a function of a certain character explains consciousness. Is intellect also to be referred to a universal "psychic stuffness"? Nor can freedom of choice be adequately explained by mechanistic processes of impulses and inhibitions.

While Professor Drake's book, therefore, cannot justly be said to offer the ultimate solution of the problems which his puzzling subject has to offer, it nevertheless must be considered a very valuable and important contribution to mental philosophy. Its lucidity of thought, its fidelity to logic, and its adherence to scientific data put it in pleasant contrast with most modern works on the subject.

CARL CRANSEN.

Arthur Symons: A Critical Study, by T. Earle Welby. New York: The Adelphi Company. $3.00.

CRITICIZING those who adopt a patronizing attitude toward the less durable arts, Mr. T. Earle Welby has this to say: "To claim that, because beauty is always beauty, however manifested, all the arts are equal, is to imply that the material and the methods of each admit life equally. Quite obviously they do not." The distinction is well made, and it shows that a fine critical intelligence has gone to the making of this study of Arthur Symons's work. Mr. Earle Welby, indeed, has a great deal of the penetration and of the luminous expression that the inspirer of his critical study possesses: he himself might have written a sentence like this about some other writer, "But what Mr. Symons writes is the prose of the confessional, an intimate, scrupulous, patient, hushed prose, coming from the aesthetic conscience. It can do, in his eventual command of it, much that descriptive and meditative poetry can do; it can unpack the heart almost as completely as a sequence of sonnets." Mr. Symons, himself one of the most inspiring of critics and of thinkers upon aesthetic problems, has been fortunate in having a writer so thoughtful and so well-equipped, make a summing-up of his work.

Mr. Symons's poetry has never been as well thought of as his criticism. In our time, this lack of regard is partly due to a notion that it is poetry that "dates," that it belongs to the 'nineties. Mr. Earle Welby quite easily shows us that the 'nineties is too brief an episode in literary history to include or even to have left much of a mark upon the poetry of Mr. Symons. He contributed to the Yellow Book, and, with Aubrey Beardsley, he edited The Savoy. It is these activities, mainly, that have marked him as belonging to the period.

Mr. Earle Welby shows that he had begun writing well before the period developed, that he did much of his finest work after it was at an end, and that he always stood, in an important sense, aloof from it. "With its curiosity, its concern to capture passing impressions and moods, its desire to be modern, to accept as material the artificiality of modern life, he was in sympathy; of the cruder part of its moral error he was the severest critic." All this is perfectly true, and yet it has to be said that if that brief epoch that we call the 'nineties was not important to Mr. Symons, Mr. Symons was certainly important to it. If we try to find a philosophy that would be common to such diverse writers as Oscar Wilde, Dowson, and the Yeats of the Wind Amongst the Reeds, it would surely be the philosophy that Mr. Symons suggested when he made a watchword of The Escape from Life. Life was to be regarded as a succession of moments, most of them leaden, some of them golden; the escape from life felt as the leaden succession was through three activities that were themselves shadows of the divine creative activity—love, art in creation, art in contemplation. The concern of the period "to capture passing impressions and moods" belongs to the philosophy that Mr. Symons enunciated. We are not taking part in life; we are living specialized moments. For the rest we are content to look out of a window. Hence the many pages of impressions and literary decorations that are to be found in the works of Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson, and in Mr. Symons's own books.

Our biographer has done a real service to the reputation of a writer whose work has given distinction to the literature of our time. He has had no difficulty in persuading one that, as an interpreter of the arts, Mr. Symons has only one peer and he is Walter Pater. One anticipates his judgment of the

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catholicity of Mr. Symons's literary criticism. "Saint Augustine, to an edition of whose Confessions he prefixed one of the most acutely appreciative essays ever written on the subject, or Casanova, in whose archives he made important discoveries at Dux; Christina Rossetti or Baudelaire; an Elizabethan dramatist or Ibsen: he exposes himself to each with the same receptivity, deals with each with the same scrupulous care."

Mr. Earle Welby has to overcome a bias when he would persuade one that as a poet Mr. Symons is to be highly considered. But he persuades me. Guided to them by Mr. Earle Welby, I discover a dozen songs and lyrics by Mr. Symons that are beautiful poetry. He would persuade one, too, that Mr. Symons has written a powerful tragedy in The Harvesters, but I am not left convinced that there is vitality and dramatic effectiveness in this work. The intention in this critical study is to show Mr. Symons to one, not as a critic who has written poetry, or a poet who has written criticism, but as a writer who has created a complete world through his poetry and his criticism. "One hemisphere he has made as a poet, the other he makes over again as a critic, completing his world; it is that world we have ultimately to judge."

In his work, now as a poet and now as an interpreter of the arts, Mr. Symons has expressed more of himself in his criticism than in his poetry: "The critic is broader, is more nearly the whole man, than the poet in Mr. Symons." He insists, however, "The two co-exist, and that they do so in harmony, coöperating to make his imaginative world, is his distinction." It is a distinction: no other writer in English has made such a world. And after its explorer has revealed that world to us, he has this just thing to say of it: "As a world, it is open to the criticism that it is inhabitable for any length of time, by no one except its author. It has been made by a lonely man, in self-defense and for consolation, with a kind of secrecy as he went about what seemed the ordinary business of the poet and the critic. He has done his work, the one work at which he has labored under many disguises, in a sense too well, has made his world too exclusively of things that have an oppressively personal significance, that remind him too persistently of his identity." That is true. But how much it has meant to many of us that we have had access to the world that Arthur Symons has made!

PADRAIC COLUM.

Needlework in Religion, by M. Symonds and L. Preece. London: Sr Isaac Pitman and Sons. $6.50.

MANY of the best of the modern books we have on the subject of needlework have come out of England, where this art has flourished since the days of the Bayeux Tapestry; and one of the most carefully compiled and comprehensive in range is that recently published in London, by Miss Symonds and Miss Preece. It is modestly called Needlework in Religion; but it might equally well be called Religion in Needlework, or indeed in art itself, for it opens up a richer field than the title connotes; it goes back to the first prehistoric rock-scratches, when men "looked with astonishment at the work of their hands," and discovered that they had created something: back to the very art-principle itself, when forms were first used as symbols.

In any subject it is necessary to begin at the beginning, crude and rough though it may be, and as we watch its gradual development into something sure and true and fine, we realize that needle-decoration may claim to be the oldest of the arts,

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or at least the one which has come down to us least changed by the centuries.

It is said that every man looks at the world with the eyes of his own trade—the cobbler sees life as a vast procession of passing feet, and the maker of books sees it reflected through the printed page. It is certain that the student of symbolism finds his subject upon every hand, and moves through a secret world within a world where everything has a special meaning for him. And the embroiderer has but to open the Bible to see a blaze of jeweled color spring from the page—gold and blue and purple and scarlet, those glorious colors which now, as then, are the expression of faith: the gold of the Epiphany's offered treasure; purple the imperial, symbol of all the pomp and vanity of this world; blue, the color of high heaven; and red, the color of martyrdom. Many are the references to needlework to be found there; but there is another sense in which the study of embroidery visualizes the Bible pictures for us, and it is that today, while we in the western hemisphere are surrounded by the products of modern machinery and whims of fashion, the women of Palestine and Syria and Anatolia and the Greek islands are still using the same stitches and primitive materials and colors which were in use in Old Testament times; even some of the same designs have been preserved with extraordinary fidelity.

All these things are touched upon in this new book; in fact, it would seem that a lifetime of research and enthusiasm must have been called upon to gather together so many facts, correlated and orderly. We are carried from one country and age to another in the survey; from ancient Egypt, where the sun was worshipped in its obvious form of the circle, to Greece, where the crescent moon came down for Artemis to wear in her hair; until we come to the Star, which shone over Bethlehem on the night which brought the new dispensation, and to the Cross, whose special form is not material only, but spiritual.

From those days down to our own, every Christian has come to know the Keys of Peter, the Ship of the Church, the little trefoil leaf with which Saint Patrick illustrated the Holy Trinity, and the lamb, the grapes and the wheat of the Sacraments. The world and the arts of its nations are laid under tribute to prove to us how universal has been the use of symbolism in form and color, to express all the finest and highest things in the soul of man.

Then follow some chapters on the churches: the Jewish Church with all the richness of its ancient ritual, and the Christian Church which borrowed and made its own so many of the earlier forms. We are shown the differences which have grown up between eastern and western ritual and furnishings and vestments, and the special requirements of the Anglican Church. These chapters are very fully illustrated, not only with sketches and diagrams, but with pictures which trace the development of vestment conventions in the Roman Catholic Church for many centuries, from sources such as ancient illuminated manuscripts in monastic libraries, episcopal seals and monumental brasses. We see, for instance, how the mitre has developed from its earliest shape as a soft, low cap, to its first pointed shape in the twelfth century, very much resembling the paper caps which children make for playing "soldiers," and finally to its present majestic proportions, stiff with jewels and gold. And we can trace, in the embroidered pall of the Orthodox usage, some of the stiff and conventional form of Byzantium which survives in a Russian Ikon.

To a non-Catholic, it may very likely have never been clear how symbolic is every garment worn, every action performed, during the celebration of the Mass. When the familiar objection is raised by him against employing a tongue not understood by the people, the critic is probably not aware how instantly a Catholic can see, from the priest's attitude, from the color of the day, what is going on. "Religion is the ensemble of all our duties toward God and all the aids which help us to live in society," a modern French mystic has said, and nothing is more inevitable than that its outward forms should be perfected and safeguarded and beautified. So we have, definitely controlled by rubrics, the use of particular materials and colors in the textile furnishings of the altar; a time for magnificence and a time for austerity, a use for silks and gold, and a use for the purest and whitest linen.

When we reach the instructions and advice given for the cutting and making of vestments, we find it to be written from the Anglican point of view, which may be responsible for certain small inaccuracies on the side of what is referred to throughout as the "Roman Church"; as, for instance concerning birettas, and the zucchetta, which is simply called "a round skull cap." The Gothic chasuble seems to be considered solely as the property of the Anglican Church, whereas it, of course, originated in the Catholic Church and is coming to be increasingly used again therein. One also is drawn into mild speculation as to the "English form of the pallium" which "in actual practice in England" is not worn.

But it is when the authors pass on to the elaboration of the work, the needled decoration, that they show themselves to be, not only authorities on the history of form and symbolism, but highly skilled artists in this particular branch. Given a requirement or an impelling idea, and the need to express it, there are the limitations and possibilities of one's medium to be considered. A stitch is such an infinitesimal thing, and yet "without stitches, there could be no art of embroidery." They are the means, the lines, by which a thought can be reproduced on fabric. We find in the instructions on stitches, with the accompanying sketches printed in two colors, an absolutely clear idea of the material, the feeling for it. There is a clearness and precision about this part of the book which reminds one of the keen, swift needle itself, and which ought to make the book a very useful and instructive one for every serious embroiderer.

Above all, the book ought to impress on its readers the high and important place which needlework has held and still deserves to hold among the arts, and to make a new generation of "women that are wise-hearted" bring their part of the willing sacrifice and make it, like every true expression of art and beauty, "holiness unto the Lord."

MARTHA GENUNG STEARNS.

My New York, by Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MY New York is a difficult book to review satisfactorily: there is so much in it, so much that we have known ourselves from childhood, so many emotional stops and vagaries, so many personal experiences and adventures concerned with the old residences, the schools, restaurants, and theatres.

Mrs. Wright gives us the proper note of Washington Park "in the homespun 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies before the listing of society began or the sheep of the Golden Fleece had crowded all the pastures." Unitarians from Boston, of ministerial connections, her family left her with recollections nat-

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urally associated with the early church circles that were at the basis of the best society in those days. Hence the large showing of old founder names in these pages: the prominent pew-holders and vestrymen from whose class old New Yorkers are so largely recruited. With the social subsidence of the preacher and his following beneath the rising tide of money, the city strode on to the formation of the banker and director class: the railroad king and foreign speculator begin to loom large on the scene: the new class of immigrant like the Irish and the German, in spite of distinguished earlier representatives in politics, journalism, literature and the stage, begins to lift its head above the basement floor, to figure, at first in emotional scenes in the stableyard or the kitchen, and then under the cloak of official toleration that survives in some of the older club corners even today. The Italian and Jew are not yet heard from.

Belfast Irishmen among the linen drapers, provincial Frenchmen in the chemist shops, Germans in the bakeries and breweries, carry us down through the days of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War. Then modern America seems, or rather seemed, to begin. The newspaper man has assumed an importance little dreamt of before the great Rebellion. It was the golden age of Greenwich Village. Patchen Place was already the address of theatrical people visited by the great Booth. Brignoli's well-oiled locks and Lester Wallack's drooping mustache were the ideals of feminine dreams and young beaux' ambitions, which culminated in the theatrical triumph of that tragi-comedy—the spectacular Black Crook.

We are upon the days of Dodsworth's dancing school; Lyman Abbot discourses on history; Di Cesnola displays his Cypriote antiquities. On the stage budded the genius of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Lotta Crabtree, and Mary Anderson. Uncle Tom's Cabin, with or without ice and bloodhounds, was the thriller of youth and sentimental old age. Dion Boucicault interpreted Irish life in the hunting field, and the sorrows and humors of the bog in The Shaughran. A hearty, simple world that knew what it wanted and got it: music was still in the hands of prima donnas and tenors, like Christine Nilsson, and Campanini: choral singing and philharmonic concerts were developing slowly, in the choirs of Georza of the Jesuit Church in West Sixteenth Street and the chancel of Trinity. In pictorial art the Hudson River and the Palisades held a leading rôle.

Days of the Brunswick and Fifth Avenue Hotels, Eden Musée, Maillards, Madison Square Theatre, Chickering Hall —vanished with the snows of yesteryear! What is there left of them except the fragments of a feast elaborate, rather heavy and half-digestible, in the name and walls of the Brevoort, Saint Vincent's Hospital, and the renovated cellars of Greenwich Village? We walk sadly through the old streets and squares, past the Jefferson Market Court-House and Engine-House, across Jackson Square and Mulry Square. At the corner where Dr. Parkhurst thundered at municipal vices, there now stands a tall office building. Twenty-third Street has lost its glory; high-priced apartment houses smother the Players and the National Arts Clubs in Gramercy Park where, perhaps at night still flicker the ghosts of Emma Thursby, Remenyi, and Edwin Booth! The alleys, the places, the squares deserted by their old denizens, just as the woodlands are denuded of their fauns and sylphs—and for what, for whom, O dear old New York brethren? Look around you and, courageously, make an answer!

THOMAS WALSH.

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Naples Past and Present, by Arthur H. Norway. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.50.

Sicilian Noon, by Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

EVEN the new Italy is very old, a creature of abiding charm. Books of yesterday and the day before have collected memories, impressions, lore, history—whatever is interesting. And yet, altogether rightly, Italy continues to be the inspiring cause of new volumes, some of which, at least, are of real value to the prospective voyager or to him whose journeys are all undertaken on the way home. I should say that almost any kind of reader could derive profit and some pleasure from the two works under discussion, although it would be difficult to bracket things more unlike each other.

Mr. Norway is one of the best of English travelers. Proud of his own origin, he nevertheless cherishes a secret desire to be an Italian. Naples, after he had looked at it cautiously, studiously, appealed to him, and so it was only natural he should write "to supply those things which the guide-books omit." Apparently—I am no judge—they leave out a vast amount that is luminous and intriguing. One by one we are invited to go over the ground with this expressive guide whose only fault is an occasional tendency to squeeze every possible drop of beauty out of a scene, and whose virtues are so numerous that there is room to mention only a few. He knows the classics and Boccaccio; he happens to realize where guitars are most tender; and he can make even geological data relatively human. Indeed, if Mr. Norway were not so timid about giving way to his humor, there might have been a delightful lot of that in his book. As it is, the journey from Pozzuoli to Paestum is well worth making in his company; and I do not doubt that many a traveler who slips this book into his bag—it is much too generously fashioned for the pocket—will be repaid by the lore about volcanic coasts, antique ruins, mediaeval memorials, gaunt castles, withered harbors, and merry, sunny streets. "Italy, that noble land which has been the scene of every kind of greatness, which has been burdened with every shame and sorrow that can afflict mankind, is yet rising once more into strength which will surely dismay her slanderers and shame those who seek to work her ruin." The sentence is typical of the book; and it is also, I submit, a different note from that struck by the none the less excellent Baedeker.

As for Mr. Golding, he simply went a-voyaging about Sicily. The point he makes is that he had a good, even an artistic, time and that others ought to share in the fun. It is genuinely a poet's book, written in that spotlighted, mock-turtle style which, for want of a better adjective, is usually dubbed "personal." One may regret a certain conscious poetic attitude about Mr. Golding's person—a kind of annunciatory message of "here comes a smart young artist" which precedes him all the way from Messina to Lipari. Sometimes his humor is very happy, and then again it is merely humor. But there are many excellent snapshots of scenes and persons, many softly moulded bas-reliefs. If one gets the odd sensation of continually jogging up and down, it is true, on the other hand, that the ground covered is freshly seen. The vision of Alcamo, for instance, is delightfully bright and new, and the colors one sees with Mr. Golding at Palermo are not on everybody's palette. He knows ever so much, even the works of Samuel Butler. But in spite of this, his book is excellent gossip and sometimes exquisite prose.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Advancing South, by Edwin Mims. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.00.

THE South is no longer the Sahara of the Bozart; it is escaping slowly from the dark ages which followed the period of reconstruction.

Barbarism still breaks out occasionally, in lynchings and in episodes about prison camps, and these are flaunted across the pages of the country's papers. The Ku Klux Klan still exists, and politicians without principles still wrap themselves in the sullied but mass-inflaming mantle of white supremacy and 100 percent Americanism to disguise their own infinitesimal ability. The soil is still cultivated ruinously, mineral and timber resources are too often squandered. Newspapers and voters still back the Democratic party through all the changes in its standards, and when it has no standard other than opposition. Writers still paint the sentimental picture of the Old South, or come east where they can write realism without being called traitors. The author admits all these facts sorrowfully but frankly; but he asseverates that they are growing less, and after reading his book one must, perforce, agree with him.

Mr. Mims has a knowledge broad enough to permit generalizations, but fortunately he has followed Walter Hines Page in preferring the specific illustration. This is good, for in generalizations and expressed opinions it is easy to disagree with the writer, especially when he discusses the Protestant theologians. (His preference is for the so-called modernist in religion.) But it is impossible to question the authenticity of his illustrations, and as history this book is most valuable.

It is the author's contention that the South is not solid, and he names a list of newspapers that have fought for principle rather than party. These same papers, plus some others (the total is small but their influence growing) are the chief reason for the decline of the Klan's power. Southerners have revolutionized the iron and turpentine industry, and Mr. Mims relates the story of their rise to affluence with the gusto of The American magazine. Being a teacher of English, he naturally is interested in the broadening of the colleges, several of which are beginning to rank with the better-class institutions in other sections. He is delighted with the results Clarence H. Poe has accomplished with his paper, the Progressive Farmer, whose circulation has grown to 450,000.

And then he takes up southern literature, the new status of woman, and the Negro problem. Here is something interesting. Since 1919 a number of capable authors have produced quality work without leaving the South: fiction, realistic and romantic, has been published; dramas written and produced by the Carolina Playmakers; enough verse for a poetry magazine; articles and stories for several literary magazines of a high standard. The cult of woman-worship is passing, and whether we like it or not, woman is taking her place in business in the South as well as in the East. And then the incubus of the race question. The work of the Interracial Commission, helped by cool-headed men, both white and black, has produced excellent results—but there is still a long way to go.

The South has a hard struggle ahead of it in every field, and the author does not minimize the fact. However, he has reason to be hopeful. He has left out several forward steps that have given color to the struggle—chief among which is the improvement in health work—and which should have been included. But the book as it stands is the most comprehensive picture of existing conditons below the Mason and Dixon line.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Tittivillus whistled blithely as he cut the wrappers on the newspapers which the morning mail had brought.

"Put them on my desk," directed Miss Brynmarian, who had her back to the door. "I have to censor them before I pass them on to Dr. Angelicus."

"That explains it all!" exclaimed the Doctor whose sudden entrance she had not perceived. "I have been wondering why the papers have been of such a milk-and-water nature recently."

Miss Brynmarian whirled about accusingly.

"I wish you'd give up wearing those rubber heels," she declared. "They're so—so surreptitious! I like to hear a person coming."

"My cats-paw rubber heels are my most valuable possession," protested the Doctor. "They save me a thousand thuds a day on hard city pavements. Moreover, they sometimes enable me to glean valuable information as to what my friends are saying about me."

Miss Brynmarian flinched somewhat under his searching glance.

"I was only saying that I wanted to censor the newspapers before you saw them, Doctor," she argued. "You see, there is so much in them these days that is of an upsetting nature, and I can see that the shocks contained in sensational news are bad for you. However," she continued leniently, "now that cooler weather is due, I won't censor them if you do not wish me to. I only did it because I am one of the people who have you best interests at heart."

"Preserve me from such people!" exclaimed the Doctor. "If you could see into the recesses of many a man's soul, you would find that those who have his best interests at heart, frequently are those who most thwart his development, and for whom he has anything but affection. Beware, young lady! Have your own best interests at heart, but leave those of others to themselves."

"You make me think," said Miss Brynmarian, as she unfolded a newspaper, "of a melancholy young man I once met. When I asked him why he seemed so sad, he said it was because he had discovered that all the things one really wanted to do in life were either bad for one's health, or sins."

The Doctor merely grunted as he filled his fountain-pen.

"I'm glad," announced Miss Brynmarian, from the depths of her paper, "that this library isn't in Alabama."

"I'll bite," said Dr. Angelicus. "Why?"

"Well, here in New York you all call me by a name that's bad enough—but I can see that it would be worse if we were Alabamanians."

"What's wrong with 'Miss Brynmarian' as a name?" demanded the Doctor.

"Well, sometimes when you are in a hurry, it almost sounds as though you were calling me 'Miss Brynmoron,' " she replied.

"How do you know we aren't?" mildly asked the Doctor.

"When you think," went on Miss Brynmarian, ignoring him, "what you have done to my really beautiful baptismal name, and that my loving mother christened me Patience"—

"Impossible!" cried Angelicus.

"Whatever *your* baptismal name may be," retorted Miss Brynmarian, "I feel sure it is not Urbane."

"Let's get back to Alabama," suggested Angelicus.

"Well," remarked Miss Brynmarian, referring to her paper, "the Living Church has compiled a list of names gleaned from

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the records of an Alabama courthouse. The Alabama mind, when faced with a christening, is on record for having produced such first names as Anvil, Novella, Epsom, Various, Collie, Snub, Precious, Champion. Names in full include Hardy Turks, Willie Mae Pie, Ruffian Thomas, Pecola Rasberry, Noisy Pollard, Vanillar Gosby, Lunacy Caver, Bud Po, and Ivy Shy."

"I hold the originality of Alabama in greater respect than ever before," said Dr. Angelicus. "But now may I have the rest of those papers—uncensored, if you please?"

Miss Brynmarian rustled about on her desk for a moment and then handed him a sheaf of journals. The Doctor's searching eye was upon her.

"You're holding one back on me," he declared. "What paper is it?"

"The Meeteetse News," announced Miss Brynmarian.

"Ah," said Angelicus, "I know that it is your favorite journal, so I won't demand it of you. However, if you are going to peruse it, you might read me the most interesting items, for I haven't at all abandoned my idea of making a trip to Meeteetse sometime."

The Doctor settled back in his chair, and Miss Brynmarian read:

" 'Terpsichore Adored. Terpsichore seems to be the most popular personage in this part of the country at the present time. Socially, he seems to be the sole actor in the amusement world. Four dances inside of the very brief period of two days will keep bottoms of shoes exceedingly busy gliding over smooth floors, and outstretched arms firmly pressed against milady's waist.

" 'Mr. Floyd Evans and Mrs. Celeste Lawson, of Cody, paid the town a half-day visit Monday. They made many calls, no one being slighted. Mrs. Lawson is a candidate for county superintendent of schools.

" 'Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Richard have returned from their summer vacation, Mr. Richard again taking his stand by the barber chair and chanting "next!"

" 'Mr. and Mrs. Bane, Stewart Chaffin and wife, have returned from a jig-time visit in Yellowstone Park. They sailed clear through the wonderland to the Gardiner entrance, where Miss Margaret Osburn, Mrs. Bane's friend, who had been here on a visit, obeyed the clarion call, "all aboard," and left by the choo-choo route for her home in Portland, Oregon.

" 'Blacksmith Sell is rigging up a Ford "bug" for Clyde Peoples. The machine will be minus mud deflectors and running boards, permitting the wheels to stand out as prominently as a ghost at night. A very ornate bed and coachman's seat has been built by Artist Sell.

" 'Mr. and Mrs. Harold Strong were visitors a few days last week in this city. They hunted up William, Henry, and Ned Sayles, to whom they were neighbors once upon a time. Another acquaintance whom they had not seen for years and whom they happened to meet was Roy Wilds. A very pleasant time of a nature anecdotal, was had.

" 'Grandma Florida has been brought to town for treatment at Dr. Dunkle's hospital.

" 'Miss Jessie Penner, after completing about a nine months' stay with her sister, Mrs. Forrest Doores, has left for her home at De Sota, Kansas. Being adored by a large number of people, this lady will be much missed.' "

"Ah," said Dr. Angelicus, "I may, after all, not go to Meeteetse. I have a feeling I should like to visit De Sota."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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